

THE FORTNIGHTLY

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BY GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

TWENTY years ago, on August 4th, the World War began. Half a generation ago the Peace of Versailles was signed in the Salle des Glaces, amid memories of the glories of Louis XIV. It was signed there to obliterate the recollection of 1870. The pictures of the men of the old diplomacy looked down, from the walls of the Palace of the French kings, upon the cotton-gloved figure of Monsieur Clemenceau. But the Peace was to inaugurate, under such auspices, a world fit for heroes to live in. The sacrifices of Passchendaele were to be made worth while.

It appears to have inaugurated an epoch in which a man requires to be a hero to live in it. It inaugurated a period of irrationalism and revolution. It brought back, from the history books of the ancient world of slave civilizations, into the vocabulary of the present, the word "dictatorship". The wit who prayed Heaven that we might enjoy that world that the Peace cannot give appears to have been justified. The Congress of Vienna may have danced, but its fruits were characterized by a more constructive intelligence than were those produced by the allied democracies at Versailles.

The author of the Covenant retired to die in America, a paralytic, a defeated man, one of the great tragic figures of history. The spirit of Georges Clemenceau dominated the decade and detected nothing greater than the glory of France. Clemenceau was a Liberal. He taught this new world what French liberalism really meant. His custom was to eructate when the President ventured upon general propositions about mankind. He made it clear that peace was but an alternative political means of

conducting war. Clemenceau begat his spiritual child in Hermann Göring, who talks of "this drivel about humanity". Göring is not a Liberal.

The psychological consequence of the war has been to leave almost all men, certainly in Britain and America, with a genuine desire for peace, not only as a material good but as a moral principle. It has left few men who are not prepared to look with favour on the notion of some kind of world government, if a means, neither foolhardy nor offensive to national pride, can be found to achieve it. It has made a Wellsian world not unattractive. We can count all this to the credit side.

On the debit side are the hopeless and pitiful divisions of the peace movement, once ways and means come to be discussed.

In 1919, after men emerged from the Gehenna of the war, they felt that an epoch of peace and of adventure in the work of civilization was ahead of them. Such an epoch, broadly speaking, had separated the Napoleonic Wars from the Great War, which was to be the last. The coming of Lenin and of Mussolini was a portent of other things. Lenin spoke of peace through war. Mussolini praised war the ennobler. The occupation of the Ruhr was significant. The capitalist world had no peace. Stresemann and Briand died. The Anschluss negotiations in Austria for self-determination, opposed by France and Italy; the failure of the Creditanstalt Bank of Vienna; the 1929 crisis in Wall Street; the rise of Hitler to power; the deposition of Brüning followed in quick succession.

Against this sinister trend the peace movement offered, and offers, a divided resistance because it has no common mind. One of the most disturbing things about the recent book, *Young Oxford and War*, is that all the contributors agree upon the need for peace, and all disagree upon the way to it. Instead, the peace movement offers, with innumerable minor variations, four major and inconsistent policies.

There is, first, the group of absolute pacifists, heavily represented upon the National Peace Council, who feel that the right course is to decline to fight in any war whatsoever. Force is their bugbear. They advocate, with the Bishop of Birmingham, the experiment of unilateral disarmament, or demand,

with Lord Ponsonby, that sympathizers sign a pledge undertaking to bear no part in war.

This attitude is one that keeps pure the moral garments of the individual. It is not dissimilar to that of the man who would go to prison rather than contribute to the support of the Metropolitan Police force, because the right way to deal with murderers is for all to sign a pledge not to murder. It believes that groups, at least, and nations can never be criminals against civilization by any act of deliberate choice. Only solitaires commit crime.

That the movement is unlikely to achieve adequate support to make it practically effective is, as a matter of conscience, a minor consideration. If it is charged with refusing, on principle, to bear the burden of international order, and to pay the exacting costs of peace, its representatives may reply that, in fact, they would fight in an international police force (or in a Red army), but that the actual issue is one of national wars. In this issue, the best tactical reply is an absolute negative.

The pacifist movement may be entitled to respect, and to co-operation, in so far as it stresses the importance of the "peace mind"—the supposition that peace is normal—but, tactically, it weakens support for any system of collective security and proportionately strengthens the "no commitments" policy of Lord Beaverbrook. What matters is the peace of the world; not the peace of mind of the pacifist.

Another section of the peace movement is outraged by the atrocities reported from Nazi Germany and by the war talk of Fascism. The war against Fascism assumes, for it, the prime place in the campaign for peace. It is rightly pointed out that the German electorate must assume responsibility (unless guilty of criminal cowardice) for the German Government which, by a 93 per cent vote, they have elected. The bulk of the pamphlets of the Friends of Europe group have been directed against this German threat.

Doubtless quite involuntarily, the effect of this movement may be to lend strength to the only demand more sterile than that of "no commitment," namely, a policy so strongly Franco-phil as to make the Foreign Office an annexe of the Quai d'Orsay. This is, of course, what French realists, in foreign policy, have been playing for since 1919. When English and American

diplomats have talked about world disarmament at Geneva they have meant no armed alliance for France ; when French diplomats have talked about world security there, they have meant a signed treaty of alliance for France.

Again, there are the various Communist and semi-Communist bodies, such as the Anti-War Movement, that have sprung into prominence since 1930. They believe frankly in one more war to end war. Long live the class war. They believe, rightly, that a war with a useful social purpose is better than a war that merely perpetuates and confirms the international anarchy. The violent class civil-war is held to serve such a purpose and is held to be inevitable. The issue of their doctrine is not peace, nor can be until the last capitalist power lies prostrated in the dust. Then, alone, the defensive sword of Communist justice will be sheathed. What, however, we are here concerned with is peace. Without it, there bids fair to be little wealth for Communism to distribute.

It should be added that what is held to be the purest orthodoxy among British Communists may be detected as a Left-wing infantile deviation in Moscow, which shoulders rather heavier responsibilities. Russia, which now frankly appeals to love of the fatherland, finds in Geneva qualities that, although doubtless disfigured by capitalist deception, are not entirely black. The trade unions, in brief, are not necessarily guilty of "social chauvinism" because they feel that a peace system, based upon nations that may be made Socialist, may be better than such a class-war system as would precipitate fratricide, as a preliminary to justice.

Are we to say that there is yet one clear road of progress and advance to peace ? This road is called "collective international security."

During fifteen years the various League of Nations Unions have done their job of unobtrusive laudation of the principles of Geneva. The Labour and Socialist Parties of Europe and America have put on record their resolutions. At Hastings, in 1933, the Labour Party of Great Britain endorsed the system of collective security, and resolved to favour an International Police Force, to take no part in war, and to discuss "what steps, including a general strike, might be taken to organize the opposi-

tion of the organized working class movement in the event of war or threat of war". These resolutions were felt to contain, not only a redundancy of phraseology, but a certain ambiguity concerning their intrinsic consistency. That feeling was not entirely justified—it is possible to regard the threat of a general strike as a sanction for the application of the principle of the Kellogg Pact—but it was a feeling certainly widespread.

This July, the National Executive of the Labour Party, conjointly with the Trade Union Congress General Council, with a view to clearing up misunderstanding, issued a statement of policy which distinguished between war of an aggressive character and "war" (*i.e.* police action) undertaken in defence of the collective peace system. It declared that the primary allegiance of the citizen, in a conflict of duties, is to the world community, but that this allegiance itself involved unflinching support of a government engaged in maintaining the collective system. It shelved the issue of a general strike, called by the trade unions, by pointing out the weakness of the trade union movement abroad and by insisting that the trade unions shall not shoulder, alone, the responsibility for such action.

Representative trade unionists have not aligned themselves with this statement with entire unanimity.

Mr. Bromley, on the one hand, of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, speaking at Harlesden on May 27th, said that the members of the unions should not commit themselves too readily to the opinion, often expressed by people who had no authority or responsibilities, that the British trade union movement must prevent war by a national strike. At the moment a number of important nations were not governed by political governments, but were servile states under the heel of armed dictatorship, which aimed at smashing, by brutalized force, the trade union movement of the world, and he conceived circumstances which might occur when it would be to the interest of British trade unionism not only not to refuse to assist, but even willingly to help our country in the case of war. On the other hand, in a very militant speech, Mr. J. Henderson, of the National Union of Railwaymen, said recently at Carlisle that "the time has come for the workers of the world to put a foot down among these quarrelling, antagon-

istic 'statesmen' and to issue the ultimatum 'No war for us under any circumstances' ". Mr. Greenwood appears to voice the official opinion of the Labour Party when he expresses his belief in the League, the whole League and nothing but the League—of Socialist nations.

It is customary in certain quarters, alike of conservative realism and of disappointed and temperamental idealism, to dismiss the League as now negligible. Many National-Coalition ministers, such as Lord Londonderry, appear to be of the opinion that the League is now merely a vague and uncertain moral force. Actually, however, it appears probable that the Disarmament Conference has been the theatre for such a re-grouping of great Powers, under the ægis of Geneva, as to rank behind the League a greater military force than has ever hitherto been the case during the years of its existence. Such an international force as must make aggression futile is the best security for peace.

At Geneva the old *Entente* is re-forming, reinforced by the Succession States, and regarded with benevolence by an America that views with disfavour Japanese ambitions. It looks as if the great military powers are unprepared to tolerate freebooter states, not necessarily for idealistic reasons, but because they keep them awake o' nights. A *Power-bloc* is taking shape. It will use Geneva. What matters is how it does so. The task is to see to it that the dominant Power that assures peace is avowedly international, not merely imperial or anti-German.

No fair observer can deny that Germany has a strong case in equity. The Polish frontier is drawn rather to propitiate the friends of the victors than from any respect for the wishes of the inhabitants of the lands affected. It is so drawn as to separate, by an alien strip, the capital of Prussia from the capital of Germany. The victorious Powers have scarcely interpreted their promise to disarm to the limits of security in any straightforward sense—nor is it an adequate excuse that, after the failures of Stresemann and Brüning, Germany is now rearming. France, when she speaks of honouring the treaties, steadily averts her eyes from Clause XIX of the Covenant and of the Treaty of Versailles, which makes provision for equitable readjustments.

Those who wish to denounce the hypocrisy of Liberalism

can scarcely have a better theme than that of the hard-boiled political bargaining that has gone on at Geneva behind pretentious declarations about justice, equity and humanity. The temperamental idealists have gorged themselves to the full when this opportunity has been presented to them to exercise their powers of denunciation. To have truck with Geneva, they have insisted, is not only to have truck with force, but also with dishonesty—with capitalist force and with middle-class dishonesty. Many drew the deduction that it is better not to have an international force, or an international organization, or peace, than to have it organized under the control of capitalist nations.

The Germans have not been slow to make the most of this so-called hypocrisy of Geneva. The Americans kept out of the League because the Senate, led here by such spokesmen as Senator Borah, has consistently regarded the Covenant as a ruse to impose for ever on the world the dictated terms of Versailles. Germany has walked out of the Disarmament Conference, proclaiming the same belief. This has had the odd result of leading M. Barthou to declare that he merely wanted his pound of flesh and that, for himself, he understood nothing of the Christian brotherly methods of vivisection considered reputable at Geneva. What, however, Germany and Japan have not been justified in doing is in walking out of the League itself and, thereby, out of the organized comity of nations.

Tardiness in securing an equitable redress provides no man or country with a justification for threatening to refuse submission to law and justice. The result of the German action may happily have been to bring Russia and the United States to the threshold of Geneva. But it does not make the action any less menacing as an act of secession. Germany's representatives thereby spat in the face of international law.

The disadvantage of trusting exclusively to collective security is that its effectiveness depends upon the *bona fides* of other nations. The same, of course, can be said of any treaty of alliance whatsoever. The collective system does, however, involve great and even revolutionary upheavals of thought. It involves the acceptance of the primacy of obligation to the world-community in process of organization. It involves the

abandonment of national absolute sovereignty. All this the Labour Party has faced and has admitted. It probably will come to mean the vesting of sovereignty in an international body, the recognition of decisions by majority vote and the development of a doctrine of high treason that would make secession from the League an act of war. These are great changes amid which it behoves the responsible government of any country to walk warily.

The road to the international reign of law, and to assured peace, is adequately clear. The problem is whether we are prepared to assume the immediate risks of taking it, with all the change of thought involved. Sir Norman Angell assures us that collective security is not only a peace measure, but a security measure—and the cheapest and the most effective security measure—if other countries play their part.

A peace programme presented merely as one of security and economy is probably not one well chosen. There are heavy risks. It is better to say so. They may be no greater than in any specific alliance of which each sovereign country remains judge. The guarantees, after all, in both cases, are those of honour and of interest. There may not be economy, if there is to be effective peace. It is perhaps as well to say that there probably will not be great economies. But effective peace is worth having. If rearmament is to come, it is important that it should assume an international shape. The alternative system is to return to the pre-1914 international anarchy and to scrap the Covenant. That Covenant is almost the sole positive benefit that has resulted from a bloody war such as nearly wrecked the Western World (for the benefit of the Eastern World) in 1914-18, and that left revolution in its wake.

Why not, indeed, obliterate those twenty years? Why not return to the pre-1914 system—or lack of it? Edgar Mowrer wrote a book called *Germany Puts the Clock Back*. Why should we not all put the clock back—to the days of Lord Salisbury and “splendid isolation”? The answer to Lord Beaverbrook’s thesis, trumpeted in all his papers, is simple. Lord Salisbury’s policy was not successful. The life work of Edward VII consisted in undoing it.

Britain never can maintain a splendid isolation, and least of all today. She is too deeply interested. What she can do is to maintain the balance of power. The proper British policy (and here Lord Lothian appears to be right) is to avoid specific entanglements which bind her to follow in the wake of the policy of particular nations. That was the danger of the Anglo-French pact of 1932, and maybe the danger of M. Barthou's visit this July. But the appropriate course is not one of "no-commitments". The public policy of Lord Grey of no decisions, and the actual policy of commitment to one country, were in large part responsible for the catastrophe of 1914. At all costs their repetition must be avoided. For this, a positive and constructive policy must be substituted.

This country has played a great international role. It is to be hoped that it will continue to do so. It will not do this by assuring its citizens, in one breath, that they belong to an imperial race, and the like, and, in the next breath, that they will never fight another war abroad. It is clever of Lord Beaverbrook to tell Cuthbert that he is a hero. Everyone, of course, wants to be a hero as cheaply as possible. But it is not fair.

This country will continue to play an international role by assuming international responsibilities, as it did in the days of the suppression of the slave trade. It must not leave it to Mr. Litvinov or Mr. Roosevelt or M. Barthou to make declarations which, whatever we may think of them, have the merit of being clear cut. A lead is required which will earn the respect of history for this country. It is such a lead which Mr. Lloyd George rightly demands. Such a lead spells the public acceptance by this country of the principle of collective security, with its consequent obligations of mutual guarantees and its acceptance on principle of the League as a sovereign assembly of free states, guaranteeing by that sovereignty the international reign of law.

To the obligations under the Covenant and the Kellogg Pact this country stands committed. To the more precise obligations under the Locarno Pact it stands committed. This country is not likely to be called upon to fulfil any heavier obligation than those incurred in this Pact. An Eastern Locarno, not forgetful

of equitable claims for frontier revision, properly and precisely drafted, need not mean heavier obligations.

A system of collective security might mean that when, as on June 26th, British police are arrested for doing their duty in Shanghai by Japanese naval patrols and put in the guard-house for the night, British warships, flying not only the white ensign but the Geneva flag, would anchor outside Yokohama harbour the following week. That would have happened anyhow under Lord Palmerston's régime. What is required is that the obligations undertaken by this country shall be to the interest of this country and shall be precise.

The practical task is to discover what other Powers are also interested in a system of collective security and whether their pledge alone, even if there were no other, would, in effect, provide adequate security—something better than the quite illusive hope of security by building against all comers or the dangerous possibilities of individual alliances.

It can safely be said that two of the great Powers with permanent seats in the Council of the League—Japan and Germany—are not at present interested in any such proposal. Granted such a turn of the wheel as makes success possible, both Germany and Japan propose war. They offer Britain a share of the spoil if she will stand aloof during the robbery—at least, the robbers will be quite courteous to her, for the present.

France has repeatedly announced, in paper proposals, her interest in collective security. That interest may be expected to be genuine so long as France will be benefited, and the *status quo* will be maintained. The U.S.S.R. has not the same interest in the *status quo*, but she has a profound interest, on principle and in practice, in the guarantees of collective security. These, let it be added, are two of the Powers of the *Entente Cordiale*. Italy, for reasons connected with Austrian policy, would almost certainly side with them. These three, with the support of either of the Anglo-Saxon countries, can almost certainly keep and, if necessary, dictate the peace of the world. The weakest of the dictators, for reasons of geography and transport, would probably be the Soviet Republic. The evils of this system of mutual assurance is that it would be directed, pretty patently, against Germany.

The Anglo-Saxon countries, granted that they do not fall out between themselves, hold the balance of power. Conjointly they hold overwhelming power and can command their own terms. For that reason they can afford the luxury of being guarantors of a collective security, although they cannot afford the luxury of individual commitments. Upon them falls a proportionate responsibility for the maintenance of peace. The collective system, for them, need not necessarily be a synonym for an alliance against Germany. It would not be. Because these countries conjointly can exercise a dominant power but, in antagonism, can neutralize each other, there will naturally be the strongest endeavour on the side of interested parties to set them by the ears.

The policy of the United States, as represented by President Roosevelt, can reasonably be described as pacific. The semi-imperialism of the previous administration, in relation, for example, to Cuba, has been abandoned. The American objection to the League was that it was an exploitation of idealism designed to concentrate force against the vanquished in the late war. The United States has never been guilty of indiscriminate and rash commitments. In 1910 the Senate of the United States resolved that a commission should be appointed to constitute the combined navies of the world an international force for the preservation of universal peace. To that proposal Sir Edward Grey returned a sympathetic but ineffectual reply.

It is understood that President Roosevelt would welcome an effective fusion of the British and American fleets in the Pacific. The objections come from the British side. That understanding in the Pacific would require, as *quid pro quo*, a guarantee of the American navy of food convoys on the Atlantic and the placing of both arrangements under the limitations of an international, as distinct from an imperial, mandate.

Here is a basis for negotiation at the forthcoming Naval Conference. The Englishman must, in practice, think in the largest units available for the joint exercise of power for peace. The problem of this next decade is to explore the possibility of Anglo-Saxony as a standard bearer of peace. If that standard is seized, dominant power assures peace. If it is thrown down, the future holds in store the quick passage of the months from the situation of 1908 to that of 1914.

THE DEANS OF ST. PAUL'S

BY J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON

IN two months' time Dr. Inge leaves his Deanery, and into his place will come a man whose eminence as a philosopher of religion is already acknowledged. It is no secret that Dean Inge earnestly desired Dean Matthews to be his successor. So well did Dean Inge maintain the traditions of his Cathedral that his recommendation would have influenced the Prime Minister of any party. None the less, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald knew that he was making the one ecclesiastical appointment which, apart from appointments to Lambeth, Bishopthorpe and Fulham, seems most intimately to concern a great lay public.

To Gladstone and to Salisbury the privilege of appointing bishops and deans was one of the major consolations of the Prime Minister's office. Disraeli might profess a cynical disregard for ecclesiastical appointments and cause the Queen—at heart a good Presbyterian with an odd weakness for bishops—no little anxiety. On one occasion he requested Salisbury to provide him with a list of candidates suitable for episcopal preferment, stipulating only that the list should include no “damned fool”. Yet, there is no doubt that he also, in his own enigmatic fashion, enjoyed the business of bishop-making as much as his Sovereign; and though a few conventional clergymen complained that a man of Jewish antecedents could hardly be trusted to appoint any bishops, there was no denying the fact that the Prime Minister was a baptized person, or that Canon Blagden had found him to be an exemplary parishioner who absented himself from morning service at Hughenden Church only when the wind was in the East and when the collection was on behalf of some foreign mission. Salisbury appears to have been the last Prime Minister whose churchmanship was never once held in doubt. Arthur Balfour was, indeed, religious, but in the public mind his writings obscured,

rather than clarified, his religious beliefs. Henry Campbell-Bannerman was a loyal and unaffected son of the Church of Scotland. Asquith used to read the lessons at Sutton Courtenay, though as a test of churchmanship reading the lessons is scarcely more satisfactory than blowing the organ. Mr. Lloyd George is an impenitent Dissenter. Anyone summarizing the religious views of Salisbury's successors would find that, like C. P. Scott, they fell back "on the practical life-activity, affection".

And yet the appointment of bishops by a Prime Minister who makes no display—and even no pretence—of churchmanship creates very little effective resentment. There was, it is true, trouble when Mr. Lloyd George appointed Dr. Hensley Henson to be Bishop of Hereford, and there was trouble when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald appointed Dr. Barnes to be Bishop of Birmingham. But Dr. Hensley Henson, translated to Durham, has become a model of orthodox propriety, and the episcopal status of Dr. Barnes is now chiefly deplored by those who believe that a deanery would have provided a more suitable arena for his talents. By no means all of Salisbury's successors have been indifferent to their ecclesiastical appointments. Asquith took a delight in appointing men who had distinguished themselves at Oxford or Cambridge. It was he who made possible the swift translation of Dr. Gordon Lang from Stepney to Bishopthorpe; and if the Archbishopric of Canterbury had fallen vacant during his long residence in Downing Street, who can doubt that he would have wanted to make the Socialist Charles Gore Primate of All England? On the whole, the episcopal appointments made during the past thirty years have been fair and almost entirely free from political bias which, flagrant during the Hanoverian period, was certainly not absent during Queen Victoria's reign. The cynic may attribute this improvement not to righteousness, but to Asquith's crippling of the House of Lords, in whose debates bishops with Oxford Union reputations behind them could cause graver embarrassment to the Government than they do today.

Since Asquith's day, however, the bishops have lost something far more significant than mere political prestige. If it was once possible for a Roman Catholic layman like Acton to have more than a bowing acquaintance with nearly all the

Anglican bishops in England—from Dunelm to Sodor and Man—a recital of the surnames of all the contemporary bishops would tax the memory even of the indefatigable editor of the *Church Times*. We have compelled Parliament to convert a number of parish churches into cathedrals; we have lent the names of obscure country towns and featureless London suburbs to suffragan bishoprics; we have, indeed, made an episcopal third cousin the proper possession of every well-esteemed *bourgeois* family. For this state of affairs the bishops have themselves to blame. It was they who encouraged the excessive organization of Church activities by which they are now victimized. They deprived themselves of their leisure and, so doing, they robbed the Church of their scholarship—when that is to say, they had any. There are probably times when the Bishop of Gloucester would willingly return to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford, and when the Bishop of Durham and the Bishop of Oxford wish that once again they could become the Deans of their own Cathedrals; for conditions are making it almost impossible to retain a learned episcopate, and unless the demand for innumerable conferences and complicated committees at Church House comes to an end, the learned bishop will soon find himself an anomaly.

Fortunately, there are compensations. While the prestige of the episcopate declines the influence of the deaneries increases, and with them increases the influence of offices like the Mastership of the Temple. We do not willingly allow our philosophers and scholars to be hampered by work which men with a mundane business acumen can do more effectively. That is why men who cannot remember the names of more than three of the bishops appointed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald—and his Prime Ministership has already lasted longer than that of Mr. Baldwin—waited somewhat impatiently to hear the name of Dean Inge's successor. It was not so when Gladstone appointed Richard Church to be Dean of St. Paul's. Gladstone dragged Richard Church from his remote Somersetshire living in the hope that he was thus able to bring his friend a stage nearer the episcopal bench. When the opportunity arrived, he actually offered Church the Archbishopric of Canterbury. But when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald summons Dean Matthews from

Devonshire, it is because at St. Paul's he is to do his life's work. There will be no further preferment.

Officially, high distinctions are numerous. The Deanery of Westminster is not less exalted than the Deanery of St. Paul's. The palaces of Lambeth and Fulham gaze proudly on the Thames—the "liquid history" of England—from which the Deanery of St. Paul's is now completely obscured. But the remembrance of personal greatness has created a new usage. It was partly the triumph of Dean Church; for he fulfilled his purpose, which was "to set St. Paul's in order, as the great English Cathedral, before the eyes of the country". The historian of the Oxford Movement was not afraid to develop within his Cathedral the manifold potentialities of Anglican worship, and he had an ardent supporter in Canon Gregory, the Treasurer, who was at last to succeed him as Dean. For Dean Inge there was a different purpose. Deaf and unmusical, he could not himself have initiated any improvements in the Cathedral services; but, absolved by the constitution of St. Paul's from many irksome duties which the Deans of most other Cathedrals cannot evade, he was able to speak freely to his countrymen and spiritually to bring all who would listen "beneath the Dome". "Beneath the Dome" men found deliverance from shoddy thinking and false emotionalism, and in an unquiet time they were encouraged to see their lives and activities *sub specie æternitatis*. More than twenty years ago Asquith searched eagerly for the right successor to Colet, Donne and Church; and now that the Dean he appointed has entered the evening of life it became more than ever necessary that Asquith's successor should not through any hasty judgment cause the personal ascendancy of the Deanery to be impaired.

Revolutions in English life are silent and often unobserved. Who before the War supposed that the Deanery of St. Paul's might go to a man who had not been educated at one of the older universities? When Thomas Campbell and his friends decided to found the University of London, John Keble had not preached his Assize Sermon at St. Mary's. At the time only a few Oxford dons shared Keble's fear of secular opinion. To most of them the founding of the University of London was, at the worst, a rather poor joke. They believed that the

secularism of Zachary Macaulay and Joseph Hume could be quietly ignored. It did not concern them that Campbell, Macaulay and Hume had the support of old Catholic families as well as a number of Dissenters among the rising industrialists. That Lord John Russell should come to their aid was only to be expected, for his championship of Catholic emancipation had just lost him his Parliamentary seat. The powerful support of the Duke of Norfolk they could attribute to an aristocratic and amiable eccentricity. Had not people shaken their heads when the former Duke of Norfolk befriended the foolish poet, Shelley? Papists and Dissenters might protest for ever against the Universities which excluded them; but there seemed to be no need to take seriously the project to create a centre of learning, divorced from piety, in the heart of London. And when the University of London came actually into existence, it was by a simple device that loyal Churchmen frustrated the efforts of the Benthamites and the Nonconformists, both Dissenting and Papist. They created King's College, which was to set forth "the doctrines and duties of Christianity, as the same are inculcated by the United Church of England and Ireland". And when this was done, divines sought to forget what was happening in London. Until the end of time the knowledge of Greek would raise Oxford men above the common herd, leading them, as Gaisford predicted, not infrequently to positions of considerable emoluments. They would for ever succeed because of "the tranquil realization of their own effortless superiority". Who was to believe that King's College would survive even that seemingly immortal institution, "the United Church of England and Ireland"?

As the years rolled by, disturbing rumours reached Oxford. London was training the best medical men and the best scientists, and then Oxford, by the belated establishment of the School of "Modern Greats", forced itself into an effective rivalry with the London School of Economics. There remained at Oxford the unchallenged ascendancy of the *litteræ humaniores*. There remained theology. But when a graduate of London University and a former Dean of King's College sits in the stall once occupied by Richard Church, it becomes clear to all the world that the "queen of the sciences" is no longer served

exclusively by the theologians of Oxford and Cambridge. It is as though the Oxford and Cambridge crews, rowing their course from Putney, found an uninvited crew competing with them and—for the greater glory of London University—winning the race by a couple of lengths. The growth of this University has exceeded the hopes, and even the dreams, of its founders. No man can fashion life according to his own pattern, and just as Keble would find himself bewildered by the activities of his professed followers, so the founders of King's College would know not what to make of its present strength and influence ; for while one of its members has become the new Dean of St. Paul's, another has just published one of the most sympathetic expositions of Continental anti-clericalism. It comes from the pen of M. Denis Saurat. Those who dislike his views can take comfort in the thought that, as the Professor of French literature at King's College, he occupies a position not dissimilar to that of the French master at an English public school. One suspects that the headmaster of more than one Woodard school, pledged to appoint as his colleagues only those whose Churchmanship is unexceptionable, has found the appointment of a French master exceedingly difficult, unless, of course, he has allowed good Churchmanship to take precedence over good French. King's College still sets forth the doctrines and duties of Christianity, as the same are inculcated by the far from united Church of England, but it does not do so exclusively. It is an inseparable part of a great University which reflects all the spiritual and intellectual activities of man. The University of London became many years ago one of the greater Universities of the world. The appointment of Dean Matthews to St. Paul's is an adjustment to a social revolution already accomplished.

From the laws of growth and decay no institution is immune. A century ago the position of the University of London in the social life of England was insignificant. But there is little to assure us that in a century's time the influence of Morrisville will bear comparison with the influence of Bloomsbury. The day is not far distant when Bloomsbury will dominate the life of the metropolis as effectively as the Sorbonne dominates the life of Paris, and since this is the destiny of Bloomsbury, no one would wish to shield St. Paul's Cathedral from its invigorating

life. To appoint a graduate of London University to the Deanery of St. Paul's in this period of our history is to bring ourselves in tune with the adventurous spirit of the generation which had watched the capital burn to the ground and then gaily rebuilt St. Paul's according to its own standards of taste and judgment. Yet, it is well to admit that there are dangers ahead. English life will be sadly impoverished when Oxford and Cambridge degenerate into provincial Universities that have seen better days. The spirit of Oxford is aristocratic, but with a shabby, pseudo-genteel aristocracy it should have nothing to do. In the long run Dean Matthews' appointment may have formed part of an inevitable process of centralization. Bloomsbury may regulate the intellectual life of England, as Church House now regulates the activities of the Church of England, and as Westminster controls the politics of England. The great personal qualities of the Primate should not have blinded us to the fact that it was probably a mistake to translate an Archbishop from Bishopthorpe to Lambeth, for this struck a blow at the old and once healthy tradition of provincial autonomy. The visitor to France may find himself intoxicated by the intellectual *milieu* of Paris, but he cannot ignore the fact that Paris has drained the provincial cities of their own intellectual life. Patrick Geddes warned us long ago against the perils of centralization, and there is very much to be said for the view that in a new process of devolution—for Parliament, the Church and education—will be found the most effective means for quickening the life of England.

Whether tendencies are inevitable or avoidable, it is as well that we should try to understand them, and those who love St. Paul's cannot help asking what Dean Matthews will make of his tenure of office. He is now two years older than was Dean Inge when he first went to St. Paul's. He has an expectation of twenty good years before him, and in this month of August, 1934, none can escape the thought of the disasters and changes that may occur in the apparently short period of twenty years. "The need for some synthesis between Christianity and the modern outlook", Dean Matthews has written, "was never more pressing than at the present time, and perhaps never more difficult to achieve". It was difficult enough to achieve

when Dean Inge went to St. Paul's before the guns were first heard to boom across the Channel, and the Edwardian period, which had survived the monarch by four years, came abruptly to an end. We live today in an intellectual climate in which an unrepentant Edwardian would find it almost impossible to survive. In what intellectual climate shall we be living when the time comes to choose a successor to Dean Matthews? For how can we find the synthesis between Christianity and the exasperating fluctuations of the modern outlook? The old attack on private property has assumed vaster proportions. Even our methods of currency, which the older Fabians never seriously questioned, are being heavily assailed. It is a bold man who claims to see the end of the social revolution through which we are passing, and one knows not what the particular contribution of the Church is to be.

Dean Matthews, however, will confront contemporary problems as his predecessors, Church and Inge, confronted them. All three have known the value of journalism. Church founded the *Guardian*, and through its columns helped to stress the importance of Carlyle as a writer and thinker, albeit a thinker from whom he differed profoundly. Dean Matthews has never shirked public controversy. It was he who wrote the sanest reply to Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Adventures of the Black Girl in her Search for God*. Moreover, he shares with Dean Inge the advantage of being a philosopher of religion rather than a theologian pledged to expound a particular creed. It would be intolerable that ever again there should be a Dean of St. Paul's unable to appreciate the merits of the Hindu and Mohammedan religions which affect so vitally the lives of millions whose political destiny is closely linked with this country. Year after year we send out men to India who come into contact with two religions as dynamic as Christianity, and which draw from the resident Englishman a keen though bewildered sympathy. And when these men return to England, they are expected to listen to preachers who have had no more than a slight academic interest in the religious beliefs of the Mohammedan and the Hindu. The times demand a closer understanding between the thought of the West and the thought of the East, and the pulpit of St. Paul's should be a bridge between them.

The great Deans of St. Paul's have always transcended the limits of their own Church. As a youth, Donne was taught to love the Church of Rome to which his mother was faithful to the end, and throughout his life he retained the inward grace of the Catholic mind. Richard Church owed more than he realized to his Quaker grandfather. Dean Inge openly regarded the Society of Friends as, perhaps, the best product of the religious spirit of England. Dean Matthews has already shaken the placidity of the West County by permitting a Nonconformist to preach in Exeter Cathedral. What he has done in Exeter he can scarcely fail to do in St. Paul's, and there will come a time when the voices heard "beneath the Dome" are no longer exclusively Anglican. This is not the place to enter into a discussion on the merits of the Liverpool Cathedral controversy. But one cannot fail to notice the irony of the situation. For many years Dr. L. P. Jacks has edited the *Hibbert Journal*, and the *Hibbert Journal* has done more than a thousand Cathedral sermons to fortify the religious consciousness of this country. And while there are clergymen who would treat Dr. Jacks as spiritually an outcast, Mr. Gandhi was able to come to London and receive the obsequious attention of a dozen prelates. He stayed in the Deanery at Canterbury and the Palace at Chichester. And yet, in what sense is Mr. Gandhi a greater ally of Christianity than Dr. Jacks? He has never acknowledged Christianity to be the greatest of the religions of the world, and by warring upon Untouchability, he has destroyed the most fruitful of Christianity's recruiting grounds in India. He was none the less hailed as a friend. Was Father Ronald Knox's *Reunion All Round* less fantastic than its author intended it to be?

We do not yet know who will be invited to preach at St. Paul's and who will not. It is an issue which the new Dean will decide with the help of the Chapter. The liturgy will, of course, remain Anglican; but one imagines that Dean Matthews will be reluctant to exclude the scholarly divines of other denominations. To the generation of Sir Christopher Wren there was ostensibly but one Church in the country, from which Papists and Dissenters represented tiresome deviations. The position is now fundamentally altered. The Roman Church in

this country and the Methodists claim a membership comparable to that of the Church of England. Moreover, the Church of England no longer possesses the monopoly of learning, and denominationalism cannot break up the commonwealth of learning. Men ceased long ago to be surprised by the collaboration of Anglicans, Romans and Free Churchmen in the writing of one symposium after another. Now that we have removed the old restrictions on the written word, we are less than ever justified in retaining restrictions on the spoken word. It was not in a spirit of exclusiveness that Sir Christopher Wren built St. Paul's, and the man who may still be Dean when we are mid-way through the twentieth century will take care that the pulpit fulfils its proper function, which is to express both the greatness and the many-sidedness of Truth.

St. Paul's is a place not only for sermons and prayers, but for silence. Day after day there is an unostentatious pilgrimage of men and women who seek a shelter from the perplexities and hardships of life. In Ward's biography of John Henry Newman there is a pathetic story of the future Cardinal passing the Cathedral of which his great friend, Richard Church, was Dean. A service had begun, and Father Newman heard music. The temptation to enter the Cathedral and listen to the prayers that he once knew by heart was too great for him to resist. He advanced a few steps into the Nave and stood where he was, entranced. Then a verger came up to him and requested him to leave. Father Newman was inured to ill-treatment, and perhaps the man who was indirectly responsible for the liturgical improvements of St. Paul's was dressed too shabbily to merit the respect of a Victorian verger. But today no one would dare to eject a man because of his shabbiness, for St. Paul's belongs to the people. In the daily pilgrimage are men unemployed and destitute. They are sometimes asleep. In their hopelessness sleeping "beneath the Dome" becomes a form of worship. Others from whom hope had fled have found comfort in their pilgrimage to St. Paul's because they know that it is impossible finally to despair of a nation that could build a Cathedral so serene and confident. It is the embodiment of England.

None the less, it is a Cathedral which Colet and Donne never saw. One day it may disappear as completely as did "old St.

Paul's ". Two centuries had scarcely followed its completion before the fabric was put in peril. The fund opened to save the Dome brought subscriptions at a rate that left no one in doubt about the Englishmen's almost desperate attachment to St. Paul's Cathedral. Those subscriptions ranged from some thousands of pounds to the sum of one shilling sent by "thirteen loyal Scots". But though we have done our best to perpetuate the Cathedral, few are sanguine enough to believe that it will last as long as Westminster Abbey or York Minster.

What is the real expectation of life for the Dome, which until yesterday we could see as the right background for Waterloo Bridge? What effect will the prolonged drought have upon the foundations and the fabric? We do not know. Only one thing is certain. When the second Cathedral of St. Paul's falls to the ground, Englishmen will prepare to build the third. But it will be, indeed, a wonderful generation that can produce the peer of Sir Christopher Wren.

THE FRENCH POLITICAL MAZE

BY PHILIP CARR

[The political calm in France was broken on July 18th by an attack made by M. Tardieu on the ex-Premier of the Left, M. Chautemps, arising out of the Stavisky scandals. At the time of going to press the Cabinet crisis thus precipitated has not been resolved but the following analysis of the political position in France, written before these events, will explain the origin of the crisis.—Ed.]

IF a traveller in France wishes to find out what is going on just now in internal politics, he should begin by making sure that his information is not being derived exclusively from the prejudiced opinions of one side in the party conflict. This is all the more important as what will be told him by hotel-keepers and the people whom he meets in hotels, by most of those members of the upper and lower middle class, with whom he may come into contact in Paris if he has personal introductions, and by almost the whole of the Paris Press does not represent the view of the majority in the country or the majority in the Chamber of Deputies. It does not even represent the view of the majority in Paris, although many of those who hold it will declare, and will even believe, that it does.

France has long leant and still leans politically to the Left—principally, no doubt, even today, from anti-clericalism, but from democratic instinct also. Although Paris has often in its history been out of sympathy with the rest of France, the bulk of its population has leant to the Left still longer, and the opinions of that population have not changed. Many of the reins of real and effective power, as opposed to apparent political power in the highly centralised administration of which Paris is the headquarters have, however, been skilfully retained by a minority, which is composed of the directing personnel of finance, commerce,

the fighting services, the Bench and the Bar, and that small part of the old aristocracy which has not deliberately stood aside from public affairs since the foundation of the Republic. The incidental fact that the French public has never adopted newspaper advertising and that consequently hardly any Paris newspaper is self-supporting—though there are prosperous newspapers in the provinces—has put the Press at the mercy of the interests which can command money. For these interests can easily outbid the subsidies from the Secret Service funds, which always make the Paris Press the mouthpiece of official opinion where foreign politics are concerned, but which are not large enough to pull the strings for a Radical Government when home affairs are in question. The result is that the Left has no Press in Paris—or at least no Press with any circulation.

There is something else. André Siegfried's epigram, that the Frenchman carried his heart on the Left but his pocket-book on the Right, may only be a half-truth ; but it is certain that he is always seriously preoccupied about what may happen to his savings. There is another preoccupation which can be relied upon even more to make him suspend, from time to time, his natural preference for Radical politics, and that is his security abroad. When he can be made to believe that there is danger of war, he will not only place himself in the hands of the military, whom in more comfortable moments he really detests, but will submit to a government of the Right.

Such was the position in February of this year. Paris and France were scared by the street rioting in the capital and by the disturbing aspect of the foreign situation into doubting whether their property was safe from loss and their country from invasion, and they hastily entrusted both to a government of the Right with a Field-Marshal as non-political Minister of War. For M. Doumergue's government was fundamentally of the Right, in spite of the inclusion of certain Radical members and the Radical leader, and in spite of the talk about a Government of Truce and National Union. M. Doumergue, director of the Suez Canal Company, could hardly make any other impression on a Radical, in spite of all his tact and his good-humoured smile. Radical France was nevertheless prepared to give him a free hand.

After six months of this free hand, however, the country and the Chamber of Deputies which reflects its moods, are beginning to ask themselves whether it has not gone on long enough. At the time of writing it seems unlikely that anything will happen until the autumn, for confident predictions that the meeting of the national council of the Confederation of ex-Soldiers' Societies on July 7th would provoke a crisis have been disproved. Indeed, I have frequently noticed that political crises, foretold for the end of the season, have a way of being carried over until after the summer holidays in France. Then—that is to say about November—there may be a change. For, rightly or wrongly, the Frenchman is no longer so uneasy, either about his savings or his frontiers; and the party struggle, which has, of course, been going on all the time behind the scenes, will perhaps be more openly renewed.

There are several reasons for anticipating this. One is that the ex-soldiers—three and a half million of them were represented in the Confederation—are by no means satisfied. This powerful body had made the acceptance of the three per cent. reduction in the ex-soldiers' pensions conditional upon the Government's carrying out a comprehensive, if vague, programme of reform, extending from the punishment of financial dishonesty and of tax evasion to the reduction of the cost of living as well as of unemployment, and they voted unanimously on July 7th that these conditions had not been observed. It is true that next day they passed a motion which abstained from pointing to the logical conclusion that their General Secretary should resign from the office of Pensions Minister to which M. Doumergue had called him, but they did so only by a majority of two. Consequently, while this professional association is no doubt at present of very mixed political views, yet its support of the Government can only be regarded henceforth as precarious; and it may be that by the autumn the ex-soldiers will—as they have in some other countries—develop a conscious political attitude as ex-soldiers, which attitude can by no means be assumed to be likely to lean towards the Right.

Again, the working alliance between the Socialists and the Communists, of which the foundations were laid in February, has now become almost an accomplished fact, and is being worked

out in detail by the National Socialist Council at their July meeting and by means of negotiations with the Communists at the moment that I write this. It was expressed in the open-air demonstration in the East end of Paris on July 8th, when a crowd, described by the police as consisting of 17,000 persons and by sympathisers as of 40,000 or 50,000, met to protest against Fascism.

This alliance may have far-reaching results, some of which may not ultimately be to the benefit of either the Socialists or of the Radicals ; for if the Socialists are to become more extreme, co-operation between them and the Radicals may become more difficult, unless their right wing breaks away to join the Radical left. But supposing that party success in the near future is to be determined by violent demonstration in the streets of Paris, as the events of February might lead one to suppose, and as has happened more than once in French history, the chances of the Left will be improved by Socialists and Communists being in alliance instead of in rivalry. Many members of the parties of the Left believe that the Daladier Government would not have been overthrown in February if it had not been that the carefully prepared outbreak of the two large Conservative ex-soldiers' societies, the Croix de Feu and the Union Nationale des Combattants, and of the much more extreme Action Française—numerically insignificant but very well in hand—found no effectively organised counterpart in the forces of the Left.

Naturally, this is not at all the way in which sympathisers with the Right look upon the present or the future, and still less the way in which they interpret the events of the past. For them, the riot of February 6th was essentially the spontaneous expression of the disgust and indignation of the people of Paris at the corruption which the Stavisky affair had revealed in Parliament, the judiciary and the police, the last of whom are now openly accused in certain papers of having assassinated Stavisky to prevent his making inconvenient revelations about their political masters. In so far as the riot was organised it was—in the view of the Right—a healthy reaction against a *coup d'Etat*, by which M. Daladier and M. Frot had prepared to establish a dictatorship of the Left, but from which the Croix de Feu and their friends fortunately saved France.

In forming an estimate of the probable evolution of the French

political situation, the opinion of the Right—which, as I have explained, means that of the biggest circulations in the Paris Press as well as of a large part of the governing class—is of great importance. This opinion frankly recognises two forces against it, the Left majority of the Chamber and the potential violence of the sympathisers with that majority in the country. It believes, perhaps optimistically, that against violence in Paris it can hold its own. It makes no secret of the fact that the Croix de Feu are organised on military lines, and hardly pretends that they are not in the possession of arms ; for it has indignantly protested against a proposal for making the possession of arms by any political association illegal, and has taken for granted that if such a proposal became law, the Croix de Feu would be disarmed, while M. Bergery's " Front Commun " against Fascism, which it freely accuses of having acquired arms from Germany or with German money, would escape disarmament, in consequence of the collusion of Radical and Socialist officials.

For while the Right believe that turbulent Socialists and Communists could be kept in check in Paris, it has no such confidence with regard to the provinces, and it points to recent disturbances in provincial towns, where it alleges that the Front Commun has had the tacit, if not the open sympathy of Socialist municipalities and Radical Prefects—the latter being officials who represent the central government in local affairs.

The Radicals in the Chamber are accused of preventing the two parliamentary committees of inquiry—the one into the Stavisky scandals and the other into the February riots and their suppression—from doing their duty and bringing the responsible and guilty persons to justice. They are also accused of preventing the truth coming out about the mysterious death of M. Prince, the judge who was found decapitated on the railway line near Dijon. The Right suggest that he was murdered because he was about to make unpleasant revelations about the complicity of the former Public Prosecutor, M. Pressard, and his brother-in-law, M. Chautemps, the former Radical Prime Minister in the Stavisky scandal, and particularly in the repeated adjournments of the prosecutions of Stavisky for earlier offences. The Radicals have done these things, it is suggested, partly on general party grounds, and partly because most of them

are Freemasons, and have responded to the secret masonic signals of distress thrown out by some of their leaders.

That the Radicals have been able thus to whitewash the responsible, to protect the guilty, to conceal the truth and to divert the course of justice is due, it is suggested, partly to their numerical superiority on the two parliamentary committees, and to their command of the chairmanship of one of them, but still more to the laxity of M. Sarraut and M. Chéron, the two members of the government chiefly responsible for the punishment of wrongdoers. M. Sarraut, the Minister of the Interior, is not only, it is pointed out, a lifelong Radical, but has at his hand the ready instrument of a political police riddled with Freemasonry, already heavily involved in the scandal and so corrupt that the very detective at first placed in charge of both the Stavisky inquiry and the Prince case is now to be prosecuted for accepting bribes—the payment of his tailors' bills!—from a man whom he had been ordered to expel from France. The other, suspected member of the Government, M. Chéron, the Minister of Justice, is described as a temporising Senator of Radical sympathies, who nourishes the ambition of becoming President of the Republic and consequently desires to please everyone. Both, it is argued, have an incorrigible tendency to compromise and none of the decision of character which the situation demands, while, if M. Chéron is honest enough, it is suggested that M. Sarraut is at the mercy of his own police, owing to having accepted from them in the past services the nature of which he cannot make public.

Above all, the principal, and in the eyes of public opinion the most damaging, arguments of the Right are, in regard to the events of February, that the Left, though they commanded a parliamentary majority, brought things to such a pass that the only escape from chaos was what was virtually a Government of National Safety, chiefly directed by the Right, and in regard to the Stavisky scandals, that the accused awaiting trial include two Deputies, Bonnaure and Garat, both of them Radicals, and the editor of a Radical newspaper, Dubarry, who had for years been subsidised by Radical governments, while the Committee of Inquiry has now recommended the prosecution of two other Radical Deputies, M. Dalimier and M. René Renoult, each of

whom has been Minister of Justice. It is only fair to add, however, that the latter has himself insisted on being prosecuted in order that he may have an opportunity of clearing himself of the charge that he used his official position as a Minister to obtain, as a barrister, favourable treatment for his client.

It will be seen from the references above to M. Chéron and M. Sarraut that the Right, who were really responsible for the formation of M. Doumergue's "Government of Truce" are no longer themselves entirely satisfied with it. The fact is that they no longer want a Government of Truce, but a government of action, and action of a very definite political character. They are beginning to hint that M. Doumergue is losing his nerve. They are saying that he must choose between the "nationals" and M. Bergery's anti-Fascist Front Commun, or he is lost. They are suggesting that while the country would at first have followed him in any bold policy, he is gradually losing that confident support because he will not make up his mind to be bold. They applauded his threat, a month ago, to a group of rebellious Radicals, that if they did not come to heel he would ask the Senate to consent to the dissolution of the Chamber before the expiry of its term in 1934, and had been assured that such consent would be given. It may be said in passing that such a threat has more than once been made by Prime Ministers in the history of the Republic, but that the Senators have not only never consented but have never been asked to consent, except in the case of MacMahon in 1878, when the result was not happy, and that they would very likely refuse at the last moment to consent today. It is doubtful whether the Right now trust M. Doumergue to make the threat again, for they are accusing him, on the contrary, of purchasing the Radical support which is necessary to secure the parliamentary existence of his government by conniving at the whitewashing of M. Chautemps in connection with the Stavisky affair.

A story was told a few weeks ago to the effect that M. Tardieu and M. Herriot, who had both been included in the Doumergue Government as representing their opposing parties, but had both been made Ministers without portfolio to emphasise their symbolical position, complained of their enforced inaction. "We are like ornaments on a chimney-piece", said M. Tardieu.

"There is no harm in that, if between you there is a clock whose pendulum swings regularly", is said to have been the reply of M. Doumergue. It is doubtful whether this story would satisfy the temper of the Right today. They no longer want the scales balanced equally between M. Tardieu and M. Herriot.

What do they want? Obviously to get direct and complete, instead of indirect and incomplete, control of the government. No doubt the Radicals want the same. No doubt M. Marquet, the neo-Socialist member of the government, who is almost a left-Wing Radical, would much prefer to be a member of a Radical government rather than having to fight inch by inch, as he has done, and having repeatedly to threaten resignation, in order to get his scheme of public works for dealing with unemployment adopted.

It is no doubt true, as the papers of the Right suppose, that the Radicals believe that when the Chambers return in the autumn, the time will be ripe for them to seize the reins once more. But the Radicals also suspect that the Right do not propose to wait until the end of the parliamentary vacation before making their bid for power. It is with this object, they say, that the Right are deliberately keeping alive the irritation and ill-feeling connected with the Stavisky frauds and the death of M. Prince, and are not immediately bringing to trial the prisoners who have for months been under arrest in connection with the former. It is because the Right want to keep irritation alive, say the Radicals, that the Croix de Feu made their very provocative march through Paris, with flags flying, on July 8th. It is because they want to keep bad feeling alive that they continue to put into relief the no doubt regrettable fact that Dubarry edited a Radical paper and received subsidies from Radical governments, while they neglect to add that it is also true that he was subsidised by M. Tardieu and M. Laval; that M. Tardieu recommended him, as a personal friend, for obtaining a territorial concession in Morocco, and that he certainly was a personal friend, as was also Zographos, the bookmaker and baccarat banker, of M. Chiappe, the former Prefect of Police, who has once more been drawing attention to his desire to return to that post by sending to the papers a letter in which he has refused the offer of a

candidature as Deputy by saying that he " prefers to hold himself at the disposal of the people of Paris ".

What, then, are the Right preparing to do? According to the Radicals, their plan is to rush M. Tardieu into a premiership which is to be represented as a rallying of the forces of order and stability in opposition to the dangerous and revolutionary ambitions of the now allied Socialists and Communists, and is consequently to include M. Chiappe, not merely as Prefect of Police of Paris, but in a new post of Minister of Police, which is to be created. This government, once in office, would obtain from the Senate, as well as from the President of the Republic, their consent to the dissolution of the Chamber, and the elections, conducted in such an atmosphere, would result in a triumphant majority against the supposed disturbers of the peace.

However, the success of such a plan depends upon getting two personalities out of the way—M. Lebrun, the President of the Republic, who must be removed partly because he is known to have little confidence in the disinterested character of the offers of service of M. Chiappe and particularly because the only way to get rid of M. Doumergue from the Premiership is to send him upstairs to occupy once more the honourable but relatively powerless office of Chief of the State. For it is recognised that M. Doumergue no longer talks, as he did at the beginning of his premiership, of returning to Tournefeuille if he is not supported, and is less and less disposed to play the part of Cincinnatus.

Consequently, say the Radicals, the Right are vigorously preparing the first step in their plan by opening in their Press an active campaign in favour of the retirement of M. Lebrun before his septennate is over. In their more moderate papers he is represented as fatigued and anxious to seek rest in retirement. In their less restrained he is ridiculed as lugubrious in public—a terrible crime in France—and as so pessimistic in private that he tells everyone that he thinks he will be the last President of the French Republic.

I have tried to present objectively the two chief opposing views of the probabilities of French internal political developments, with perhaps a slight emphasis upon the view of the Left, because, for the reasons which I have explained, it is brought less frequently to the notice of foreign observers, in spite of its

importance in the country. There is, however, always the possibility of a regrouping of political forces, not only in consequence of the entrance into politics of the ex-soldiers as such, but because the evolution of the world is making it more and more difficult to maintain the financial and economic structure which has so long been the basis of French social as well as political life. The speech the other day of M. Paul Reynard showed that it is not only on the Left that the crushing burden of monetary deflation, with its high prices at home and its strangling of exports abroad, is beginning to be felt to be intolerable. M. Reynard frankly faced the alternative that the consumer can only be relieved either by monetary inflation—or at least by devaluation—or else by reducing the protection of French agriculture. It is clear that the industrial capitalist as well as the urban workman would benefit by cheaper bread and sugar ; but the peasant farmer would be ruined—or is convinced that he would be ruined, which politically comes to much the same thing. There is little doubt that devaluation would relieve the French export trade ; but the small rentier would be ruined again, after having already been ruined once in 1926, and moreover all the banking interests which centre upon the Bank of France are opposed to devaluation.

As France is built up around the peasant farmer and the small rentier, and they are also the electoral force of the country, the dilemma which confronts any possible government is not an easy one.

HOLIDAY

BY H. J. MASSINGHAM

WE live in times so threatening and sombre, so big with impending calamities which the mind shrinks from bodying forth to their full possibilities, that we are compelled by the steely pressure of circumstance to obey the scriptural injunction of taking no thought for the morrow. We live in the moment as our primitive progenitors used to do, and thus a holiday, however brief, acquires twice the value it was wont to do when our lives were girdled by more tranquil fortunes. That is my excuse for memorizing my own holiday of four April days in the retrospect of this record.

During the first day, I drove from Thame to Axminster, passing through seven counties, and viewing on the way almost the best of English country to be seen. The latter part of the journey, over high, bare, wild downs for mile after mile, is exquisitely prefaced by the richly wooded valley quietudes between Aldermaston, oak-renowned, and Kingsclere, Overton and Laverstock. But to get the due relish of the contrast, you must leave the Bath Road which, at any rate as far as Savernake, imposes a dictatorial blight upon all the country it rams its way through. Over the lofty watershed between Hampshire and Wiltshire, and after a brief journey, first past mountainy sheep suspended high up the steep slopes, and then a dull, drab, unsightly corner of Wiltshire defaced with bungalows, hoardings and petrol pumps, Dorset succeeds.

But what I remember most of the long journey, with the stupendous scene flowing past me in infinite variety of formation, are three particular and casual enchantments. I stopped to eat some sandwiches at a small copse a few feet off the main road close to Over, Middle, or Nether Wallop, but which of the three my memory betrays me. It was of larch, past its young splendour, and hawthorn, but so strewn with tins, broken bottles and paper-

litter that its small green world appeared stricken with some chronic skin disease. But no sooner had I cleared a place to sit down than a nightingale burst into song a few yards away, with the finer points brokenly touched (since he could only have arrived a very few days before), but the true nightingale's lyre, and it was the first time I had ever listened to it in the third week of April. His robin-like poise and colouring were very conspicuous among the shyly burgeoning trees, and it is the custom of early nightingales to be exceptionally restless before their mates arrive and to flit from tree to tree without pause, delivering snatches of their tumultuous song. There were eight other species of birds singing in this desolated, meagre, spindlery wood on the road to Andover. When I arrived at journey's end, I walked into a deep wooded combe winding down from a level of 800 feet. A stream ran through it over gleaming pebbles; lofty oak and ash overhung it on either side; the way was embroidered with wild strawberry and water-crowfoot; the cowslips were just opening and the banks were dim with violets, while wood-spurge, cuckoo-flowers, wood-sorrel, and celandine took up the figured tale. The place was prodigal: it blazed with gorse and shone with the lusty vegetation of the brook. The stony flanks of the gully were clothed in many species of fern, the male and the shield ferns, hartstongue, ceterach, and polypody, and in the shelter of the overhanging woods the stripling Devon spring had leaped a fortnight ahead of more northerly regions. Yet no bird sang, while in that starveling, desecrated copse . . .

The second visitation was on the road to Blandford. A gleam of primroses caught my eye and I stopped to inspect. The scene was a hazel spinney, most of the saplings budding, a few in leaf, but all no more than straight fastigate wands springing up from the ground centre-piece. There were no other trees nor undergrowth except a small group of silver-grey willows in the middle of this newborn open wood. But the ground was so congested with primroses and violets and windflowers (clustered under the thin shadows of the hazels) that it was demonstrably impossible to walk without treading on them. Whatever was the secret of the magic, whether the openness of the spinney to the oceanic sky or the formal wands of the hazels or the altar of willow or the mighty multitude of primroses and anemones or

all congregated into one, the scene was pure Spenser or out of Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*: a something visionary rescued from a brighter past and suddenly made manifest out of its due time and plane.

Perhaps the third revelation was the best of all. It was a rolling back of the mists that gather between one promontory of one's life and another to see once more those great heights, Lambert's Castle, Pilsdon Pen, and dark wooded Lewesdon from Golden Cap inland across the Vale of Marshwood: an aspect very familiar to me in the past and still as lovely as, no, more lovely than when I saw it twenty years ago. I saw it again with the greater composure of middle age, more as a composition, but emotionally as well. It was something that I had really always remembered so that I knew it at once, and yet it was different and better than in the past. How can it ever be lost even in death, for it is part of me and was within my unthinking self all those years without my knowledge? It was better than the sea, molten silver, between the carved, irregular headlands looking towards Lyme Regis, than the smoothen grove-topped mounds of Wiltshire, than the old gabled farms of Dorset or the reverend oaks of Aldermaston, better even than the flowering blackthorn in the hedgerows, because it was inward landscape, a projection in terms of outward spectacle of the intricate country of personal being.

* * *

People who stray from the main roads of mass-living, regimented emotion and herd-mentality have always attracted me, even if they make but futile gestures of defiance. A Beckford, a Cruden, a Dyer or Tom Coryat melt my critical sense, and so to meet one of these gipsies of the spirit on my second day of holiday put a fine head on it. Overlooking the great range of hills above the valleys of the Axe and the Dart where Membury Castle catches the clouds trailing over its purple back and its supporting heights change countenance from indigo to straw-colour in their commerce with the skies, lies a bramble waste which was half swamp and quite o'er-canopied with violets. Two hundred yards to the left of where I stood was gashed a gorge or "goil" one hundred feet deep where many orchises grew, the hartstongue was three feet long and the male fern five, while over and between its massive boulders rustled a brook.

To the right stood a group of stormy Scots pines, just above where woodland stooped almost sheer down to the Valley of the Axe, and surrounded by ling, beloved of the stonechat and the adder. Here a pair of buzzards had built their nest and swung round the haunted trees, displaying their soft chestnuts in the brief sun-slants and with the sou'wester blowing through their upturned flight-feathers. Suddenly a carrion crow appeared and fiercely attacked one of the serene skiey birds. Again and again it half closed its wings and shot down for the hawk's back. The buzzard easily avoided the stoops, but sought the upper ether to be rid of persecution, and soared up to such a height that it was a speck in the embattled heavens.

Thirteen acres of this inviolable wild had been bought by a young German and his English wife for a total sum of seventy-five pounds. Being a thinking man, he had fled from Nazi Germany and within this sanctuary of swamp, common, gorge, and woodland he proposed to build himself a flat-roofed three-storied house. The architect was himself; the masons, the plasterers, the plumbers, and the labourers were himself, his wife, and another woman who was a friend of theirs. The material was the unhewn blocks from the "goil," hauled up by ropes to a wooden platform and then dragged for two hundred yards to the site of this modern Gryll Grange. And I would be prepared to stake a good deal that, if I were on that same spot a year hence, I should find the house completed. He was the sort of man who made you feel he could build coaches out of pumpkins.

In the afternoon I took the mighty coast-road, still only in patches defiled, from Bridport to Abbotsbury. From the tithe-barn, with its gabled doorways and buttresses, half way to a cathedral, I walked across the fields to the Swannery, now a sanctuary for birds. Even the flamingo and the osprey have rested there, and with the exception of the flats near Brean Down in Somerset, it is the only familiar breeding-place of the marsh-warbler in all England. Terns screamed from the Chesil Bank, ringed plover dabbled to and fro on the hither side of the brackish lake, and just beyond the swanherd's garden was the nesting ground of the swans. Their mounded citadels of reeds were higher this year than last, because, as the swanherd told me, they anticipated furious weather, verified up to date. Some of the birds flew by

with necks outstretched, making that wild harplike note, saga-fashion, with their wings, which increases the blood-pressure of their human observer; others sat on their nests with heraldic arched necks or lay across them in a maternal dream with necks as taut as on their glorious flights. Little scuffles took place, for a small circular strip of territory round the castellum is sacred to each pair and, since the whole area is very limited, trespassers are many. Mostly they went no further than demonstrations, exquisite rufflings of the wings and rapier-play with neck and bill. Though we could walk among the swans with but slight posings of white defiance and resentment, the sight of them in this wilderness of sedge and alder and reed-bed seemed the poetry of wildest nature, and when they came down upon the water, delicately treading it with uplifted wings, the human heart was fluttered in response to the beauty of it, like the rippling of the swansdown in the wind.

The two swanherds, an older man and his nephew, were attuned to the loveliness of the scene. The latter, a kind of idealized keeper, of a fresh and open countenance, bracing intelligence and harmonious country manner, was enthusiastic for his birds. His eyes flashed, his voice deepened as he told me how the osprey swung up from the water with a bass in its talons and exactly how the fish was held. As we passed among the swans, their aspect was sometimes alarming, but a word from him, a stroke along the snowy plumes and the menace abated, the hissings died away and the stiffened feathers sank into smoothness. Many things he told me about his birds, and especially one story which I believe is unique in all the records of bird-observation. It was about the marsh-warbler, the rarest and at the same time the finest virtuoso among all our warblers, for it imitates the songs of all the birds in its neighbourhood and interweaves their characteristic melodies into the substance of its own song. A cuckoo laid an egg in a marsh-warbler's nest which contained two eggs. A day or so later it was observed that the nest contained three of the marsh-warbler's eggs, and lying outside the nest was the cuckoo's egg with its shell punctured. This is the only instance I have ever learned of a victimized bird removing and destroying the interloper.

The swanherd's garden, which flowed into the alder-marsh

like a tributary stream into main waters, was a beautiful variation upon the wilder scene that was its boundary. Red and blue anemones of a greater size and brilliance than any I had seen, even in my own garden where I make a cult of them, grew in the rich black soil. The thornless rose from which the confection, petal-jam, is made, grew there. There was pampas grass and bamboo, and in no other place have I ever regarded them but with loathing. There they were in perfect accord with the swaying reed and marsh-plants, as were the pheasant-eye narcissus, the darkest velvety-red wallflowers, and the magnolia thirty feet high. All the incongruities were at one in a garden that was man's refinement upon the wilderness, but which never lost intimate touch with it, and by some alchemy of right choice and design the pampas and bamboo, a glaring artifice elsewhere, were here intermediaries between a natural and a cultivated garden. Their true concord was reflected in the liquid bubblings of the mated redshanks, intermingled with the leisured flutings of the more domestic blackbirds, and in the swans, at once the decorative citizens of the lake and the immemorial emblems of the inhospitable north.

Back to Devon, past those inimitable Dorset hills, each so individual, distinct, characterized in itself that they are dearer to me than the greater and stormier ranges over the border.

* * *

The next morning I returned to Abbotsbury and stayed the night there. The place drew me like a moth to the light. I had to go back. Never was there a village so haunted by antiquity, and so continuous with the remote past of human occupation that it is a palimpsest. Up on Portisham Down are the Hell Stones, the only dolmen in Dorset and so, quite probably, the seat in death of the sub-king or viceroy of this region forty centuries ago. On the way up I met a shepherd, and he was walking with a real crook, iron-shod, the true crook of tradition, the crook that the ancient church adopted. The Hell Stones were flung to their present position by the Devil from the still older ichthyosauric snout of Portland Bill, and the Devils of country legend are to be "equated" with the giants, and the giants with the first megalithic colonists from the ancient East who built

Avebury, the first capital of England. They are so mysterious, these mariner-migrants of our high places, and yet the secrets of their minds are to be revealed in the prehistory of Egypt, Crete and Mycenæ. The whole region is heavy with antiquity. On the summit of the terraced height that overlooks the russet Chesil beach is St. Catherine's Chapel, built, it is said, to expiate the shedding of blood between York and Lancaster. The environs of the tithe-barn are studded with the sad relics of an intensely localized monastic community, of the Abbey gardens and fishponds, its dormitory which is now a stable, sole standing porches and gateways, the isolated malthouse, the old grey church of St. Nicholas, the earthworks of Abbotsbury Castle, burnt by the Roundheads, and the cultivation terraces of the hoary megalithic culture making green billows along the flanks of the high shaven downs that hold Abbotsbury as in a cup, with a piece broken out towards the sea. To live at Abbotsbury might bring the sagging clouds of its antiquity down too humidly and oppressively upon the spirit, and the wind that comes off the Chesil Bank might sing too mournful a dirge. But as a respite from the fevers and confusions and disorders of our time, it is a place whose green enchantment is its rest. Wonderfully luxuriant it is and yet bare ; melancholy and yet appeasing ; strange and dim.

Once again I spent the morning at the Swannery, partly among the alders and poplars and reeds, partly in the swanherds' hut, watching them build up their tartly scented wood-fire to boil the maize in the cauldron for the swans, whose natural food, the *Zostera maritima*, has so inexplicably failed all over the world. Two swans we found dead from the hard maize lodging in their nostrils, and an autopsy showed their lungs affected. One was a female, and the male for hour after hour sat patiently on the nest waiting for the relief that never came. We walked through the swannery by unfrequented ways and, as we passed their territory, the birds were very hostile, hissing savagely and striking whip-lash blows with their shining wings. One that made for us the swanherd caught by the wing, when it became quite helpless. Those that nest late in the season have to peg out their claims further back from the lagoon than the other members of the commonwealth. Two days after hatching, the cygnets are led to the water by their parents. Constantly trespassing, they have

to fight their way through, the father leading to clear a passage and the mother and her brood following after.

Nothing could have been more enlivening than the view of the little poplar wood at a short distance away, waving its spring plumes over the brooding white swans. Their red catkins were falling and the trees were in flower, the softest silver-grey, surrounded by golden willows with sage-green reeds beneath them and the king-cups brilliant flecks in the marsh, and the alabaster swans swimming in the blue lagoon among black-coated coot and dark lines of cormorants. Overhead, the dazzling terns flickered their wings and dived. As we wandered, the swanherd told me more stories. One was about the ravens and peregrine falcons which nest on Portland Bill. The cock peregrine killed a pigeon, plucked it and carried it to the tiercel on her nest. She seized it and would not allow him (the smaller bird) even a morsel, and in the end drove him away. A raven appeared and filched the pigeon from the tiercel. Her model husband then gave chase to the raven, but the latter turned on his back, as is the way of ravens, and showed his talons, whereupon the peregrine turned tail and gave it up. He also told me that when a child and her mother were being conducted over the Swannery, the child suddenly jumped right on the top of the nest of a sitting bird. The male who was standing by and could have broken an adult's arm or leg with a flick of his wing, endured the invasion without even a demonstration. The swanherd's manner could be as ironical as it was engaging. He described to me the visit of a well-known publicist whose writings include every kind of reader except the fastidious one. He listened to the swanherd, and then in a subsequent article reproduced the information as his own. "That paper-rat," said the swanherd, and if there is a more eloquent term for the scribbler, charlatan, and pretender, I have yet to hear it.

The little poplar-grove where the swans nest was full of bird-song on that morning of proud-pied April when she walked over the land in her Elizabethan mask. "Thick chattered cheeps" came from the sedge-warbler in the reeds, and streams of bright, clear melody issued like running water from the throat of the garden-warbler. Blackbird, greenfinch, wren, song-thrush, missel thrush, and goldfinch enchanted all the air about us, so that the

grove reminded me of the legendary pie that was full of singing birds. No less than the birds, the vegetation paid its contribution in colour and freshness to the hymn of creation. The New Zealand flax, huge blades like Celtic swords radiating from a central bole, the bamboos and hydrangeas played a more stately variation upon the sedgy, reedy, grey-green wilderness about them, and the withy beds where three pairs of marsh-warblers nested last year. Within the grove is a small group of pines which is the sanctuary of a pair of tawny owls. We looked for the birds, and at last, after examining every twig and corrugation of bark, found one up aloft either dozing or in a meditative trance. To the naked eye the bird was but the apparition of a bough, but through the field-glass his magnificent plumage of chequered browns, like splintered sunbeams entangled in a network of shadows, was very conspicuous as he swung his large head to and fro. Rapping the trunk, waving the arms, shouting, nothing would dislodge him : sleepily and as though drawn unwillingly from some subliminal world of contemplation, he would open his eyes and glance indifferently downwards. He posed aloft there like a spectacled sage, perched in his tree like Simon Stylites on his pillar and made us feel like meddlesome imps to disturb him.

I finished the day in style by walking up to St. Catherine's Chapel, landmark for leagues of sea and land. On the way, I had the old walls of the village at eye-level and saw their fairy flora as it should be seen : the tiny wall forget-me-not, whose bravest length is two inches and its flowers like the sapphires of Lilliput, sedums, dwarf fool's parsley, polypody, the dove geranium and even groundsel and young ivy leaves were translated there into a beauty they lack in common life. In the open, the hares sported among the broad-kneed terraces and the goldfinches tossed above them, like visible notes of music thrown up by the magic and tranquillity of the scene. The abundance of these terraces throughout the district alone reveal that the country must have been more thickly populated in megalithic times than it is today.

The Chapel itself, whose walls are nearly twelve feet thick, is not beautiful in itself except for its ribbed and vaulted roof of stone. But on a clear day the view is from Portland Bill to Torbay. I preferred the near view of the green hills that held the ancient village in the hollow of their mighty hand, their

amplitude and grand simplicity of line and noble curves surging into the jewelled air from the cluster of cottages, the grey church, the lonely barn and relics of the monastic buildings so warmly set below. On the side towards Bridport you look down on the woods that border Lord Ilchester's sub-tropical gardens, for if the wind blows keen on the downs, the valleys are so fertile that the polyanthus grows a third larger than further north, and the traveller thence not only journeys south, but from April into May. These woods are finely poised on the slope of a hill, and the eye is delighted with the delicate contrasts in values of tone.

At night, it was interesting for me to compare the reception I, a complete stranger, got with the agricultural labourers of Abbotsbury, and my customary friendly relations with the same types in my home-village. I proved once more to my satisfaction that the village labourers of England are the friendliest, most human people in the world. Of course, if you enter a country pub in Dorset or anywhere else bringing *gaucherie* or arrogance with you, you will be met with silence, suspicion, and self-consciousness. But if you meet them as fellow human beings, you will be at home. I was struck with the good fellowship of these men towards one another. They were all smiles. They chaffed one another with the most amiable gusto, and beams from well-disposed faces pierced the smoke in every direction. When I was not playing shove ha'penny with them, I was listening to their dialect, very different from both the Cotswold and the Oxfordshire which I know well. They say, "I caynt doe nothen t'night", or "you doant hear 'ee a-whistlen and a-singen t'night", or "Th' beer a got praaper hold o' I", as though they curled their tongues when speaking. The Dorset speech is a slow, very soft drawl, with flat, prolonged vowels, clipped consonants and a rhythmic flow to the heave and fall of the words. But modernism has reached even these fastnesses of old time, and into the talk was dropped like a knell the Americanism, "do your stuff". It was like an aeroplane suddenly burring over the immemorial hills.

Next day I went home. My last memory of Abbotsbury was of a pair of merlins, the little blue hawks with a swallow flight that are so rare nowadays, quartering the enamelled turf on the high down above Portisham.

RUSSIAN ECONOMIC REALITIES

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

IT is a remarkable fact that seventeen years after the assumption of power by the Bolsheviks publications should still be appearing, some of which assert that the Soviet system is an economic failure, while others acclaim it as the greatest economic success known to history. Very often this difference of opinion is attributable to confusion of thought, and even to downright ignorance. Very often, also, it has its source in propaganda. In matters of propaganda the Bolsheviks are enterprising. They control it more rigorously than they do any other activity, and, having the resources of a State at their command, spend far more upon it than do the multitudes of individuals who compose "the capitalist system", and who are so exhausted by competition with one another in the making of money that they never consider that there can be any question as to their right to it when it is made. The present article is an attempt to clear away some of the outstanding misconceptions about Soviet Russia which still exist in the public mind, both those which have been deliberately implanted there and those which are the result of genuine incomprehension.

It was officially announced at the end of the Five Year Plan in 1932 that the gross production of industry was double that in 1928, when the Plan became operative, and thrice as large as before the war ; whereupon Stalin and other leaders repeatedly declared that in no country had industrial progress been so rapid as in the Soviet Union. Hence it was claimed that the superiority of planned over planless economy—in other words, of Socialism over Capitalism—had been demonstrated. It is true that in Soviet Russia during the Five Year Plan industrial expansion proceeded more rapidly than it had done in normal periods in capitalist countries : at least twice as rapidly, I should say. But without any political change the speed of Russian

industrial development would have quickened. In a space so vast, so densely-populated, so rich in mineral resource as Russia, there was abundant scope for achievement; whatever the system of government, industrial revolution was bound to have come to her. Who can say that the pace of progress would not then have been as speedy as it proved to be under Bolshevism?

Though the systematization of mankind has often been attempted, and usually with disastrous results, the idea of planning, thanks to what is happening in Russia, makes a magic appeal to the present generation. A plan to be effectual must be fulfilled in all its component parts; the over-fulfilment of it is as bad as the under-fulfilment of it. In either case confusion is caused, and this confusion may be worse than that resulting from no plan at all. In short, dislocation of industry is what is to be avoided: it is economic dislocation which is the cause of the world's present troubles. But in Russia it is customary for the plan of production, not merely for separate groups of industries but also for separate industries within these groups, to be either over- or under-fulfilled to a serious extent. The plan for the year 1933 may be cited as a typical example. It required that the gross output of large scale industries should be increased by 16.5 per cent.; that within this category the gross output of heavy industries should increase 21.2 per cent.; of light industries 10.5 per cent. At the end of the year it was found that the plan for large scale industries as a whole had been fulfilled by only 55 per cent., for heavy industry by 54 per cent., and for light industry by 61 per cent. Some industries had over-fulfilled the plan, others had almost fulfilled it, others again had fulfilled but half of it.

The whole case for planning national economy is based upon belief that, although productive processes are in reality interlocking, if left to private enterprise they will work at variance and primarily for the interests of their owners; while, if controlled by the State, they will work harmoniously as parts of a single vast but simplified mechanism. There is abundant evidence, much of it drawn from official sources, to show that in Russia this assumption has not been borne out. When introducing the Budget for 1933, Mr. G. F. Grinko, Com-

missar of Finance, disclosed the fact that numerous State organizations had increased their staffs and expenditure enormously in excess of the limits allowed by the Plan. He then went on to remark that "there grows up around the basic plan, which has been approved by the Party and the government, a great deal of unorganized, planless construction. Each enterprise considers it its duty to build something, even if the plan does not provide for it". But it must not be supposed that the enterprises were alone responsible for the planless activity that went on—for, in other words, the chaos that reigned under the name of planning. Within a short space of time, orders were not infrequently sent to them to effect at once large increases in their output. It was not foreseen that the carrying out of these orders would entail the construction, over a long period, of works and plant and in some instances of towns, harbours, and ports; the employment of many specialists and skilled workers, of whom no surplus was available; and the expenditure of vast sums for which no provision had been made. Repeatedly, too, orders were sent to enterprises, insisting upon the drastic lowering of costs of production, which was economically impossible, for the value of the rouble was falling, and the costs of essential materials and services were rising.

Yet when fixing the prices at which goods could be sold the State often ignored, or insufficiently accounted for, these circumstances; hence enterprises had to incur deficits of monstrous proportions. No one in Russia today can say what costs of production are: the Government has ceased to publish estimates of them. How in these conditions, it may be asked, can it be said that a planned economy exists? If the cost of manufacturing an article cannot be ascertained, even approximately, all subsequent calculation is fallacious, and planning becomes delirium, having no relationship whatsoever to actuality.

Because cost of production is obscure, wages which make up a large proportion of this cost are equally so. Mr. Grinko has stated that whereas during the period of the Five Year Plan the wages fund in capitalist countries declined by half, in Soviet Russia it increased almost four-fold, that is, from eight to thirty

milliard roubles. But he refrained from giving any indication as to the purchasing power of wages in the Soviet Union ; in other words, of the value of the rouble. It is a fact of significance that since 1930 the Soviet Government has not published cost of living indices. Doubtless it realizes that, were these indices disclosed, they would show that real wages have fallen, not risen, and that they are at present well below the level paid to workers in capitalist countries. How, when neither the cost of living nor of production is known, can it be possible to plan the operations of a single little factory, let alone the national economy as a whole ?

The quantitative results of planning in Russia have been examined, and it has been shown that these are irregular and distorted. But we must not stop here ; qualitative results, too, must be investigated ; for planning, if it is to be successful, should at least produce goods of average quality.

Soviet goods are well below average quality. There are three reasons for this : the first is lack of skill on the part of the majority of workers ; the second, belief that fulfilment of a plan calls for quantitative results only ; the third, demand for an excessively large output in an excessively short space of time.

Here we are upon ground that is non-controversial. The Soviet Government admits that the quality of goods produced by socialized industry is wretched. It could not do otherwise ; for the goods are there to be seen, and are witnesses to their own imperfection. Day after day the press tells of the high proportion of defective output. There is hardly a single industry that is not arraigned ; in some factories the percentage of badly-made articles reaches sixty. The consequent wastage is enormous ; the yearly loss on this account alone runs into thousands of millions of roubles. In 1933, for example, owing to negligence 12,000 tons of raw cotton and 4,000 tons of raw wool were wasted. Large proportions of substitutes for wool and leather are used ; most articles manufactured for mass consumption wear out quickly ; with a view to achieving simplification, styles, sorts and sizes have been reduced to a minimum, and consequently discomfort and drabness are widespread. In Russia, in fact, everything foretold

by the opponents of Socialism has come to pass. From the start the Bolsheviks were affected with "giganto-mania"; no country in the world, not even the United States, contains so many gigantic works as does Soviet Russia. Now when the major part of the output of these colossal concerns (as, for instance, Magnitogorsk, the great metallurgical works in the Urals) is defective, it is realized that they are too large to be manageable, and henceforth works of more reasonable capacity are to be erected.

Planning has been even more disastrous to agriculture than to industry. The basis of it consisted in the collectivization or socialization of 65 per cent. of all peasant households (a total of fifteen million families) who cultivate nearly three-quarters of the grain-bearing territory. Bread is still the chief article of diet of the majority of the Russian people. The Bolsheviks point to the fact that since 1913 there has been an increase of seven million hectares in the area sown with grain. But concurrently they do not mention that in the same period the population has grown from 139 millions to 168 millions; and that consequently the sown area for each head of population has diminished. Nor do they say that in the same period also, in all but one year (1930), the harvest was below that of 1913, and that therefore the amount of cereals available for each head of the population was substantially less than in pre-revolutionary times. During recent years the peasant has in this regard fared much worse than the townsman. This circumstance is explained by the insistence of the Government that, for the purpose of feeding the Red Army and the urban population, the countryside should deliver up large quantities of grain at prices little more than ten per cent. of those ruling on the free market. From 18 to 20 million tons were thus extracted during each of the last three years. The Government had hoped to secure even greater amounts, and it was only after a severe struggle with the peasants that it obtained what it did. At the end of 1932 and the beginning of 1933 came famine, chiefly in Ukraina and the North Caucasus. No more remarkable instance of suppression has been recorded in history than the Bolshevik concealment of this great calamity. To the present day the Soviet Government does not admit that a

famine occurred. This pose of ignorance is absurd, for the fact has been proved by a host of eye-witnesses, including foreigners of repute. In the absence of official data it is impossible, of course, to say how many victims there were; no estimate places them below two millions, while it is allowed that they may have been as numerous as ten millions.

Following upon the period of famine, it was announced that the harvest for 1933 was one of the largest on record; the figure given for it was 89,000,000 tons, 9,000,000 tons at least in excess of the harvest of 1913. But it turned out that the Bolshevik method of estimating the harvest was haphazard and unscientific; that it took insufficient account of the heavy losses sustained in the processes of gathering, threshing and storing, some of which were due to honest negligence, others to deliberate sabotage. It is now believed that the harvest for 1933, instead of 89 million tons, was somewhere between 60 and 70 million tons, and nearer to 60 than to 70 millions. Still more difficult will it be to arrive at reliable figures for the harvest of 1934; drought, combined with incompetence and strife, may have wrought such injury to crops as even Russia has not known these years.

As collectivization was to be the basis of agricultural planning, so mechanization was to be the chief means for its realization. The farms were equipped with 240,000 tractors and numerous other modern contrivances. Yet, as we have seen, production was consistently below that of pre-war times, when all work was largely done by hand. One of the chief reasons for this backwardness was that, frequently at a time when they most were needed, as many as 200,000 tractors stood awaiting repair. "One would think", said Stalin recently at the 17th Congress of the Communist Party, "that the existence of an enormous number of tractors and machines would impose the obligation upon the land departments to keep these valuable machines in good condition, to get timely repairs done to them, to employ them in a more or less tolerable manner. But what do they do in this respect? Unfortunately very little The unsatisfactory position is so clear and so well known that it needs no proof".

As regards livestock the facts are even more depressing

than those bearing upon crops. Since the beginning of the Five Year Plan in 1929 up till 1933 the number of horses has decreased by 19 millions, of large horned cattle by 20 millions, of sheep and goats by 65 millions, and of pigs by 8 millions.

The reasons for the failure of the Socialist farms are clear. The individuals who belong to them have no sense of responsibility ; while all expect to receive bread, each looks to the other to do the essential work, and to care for the communal property : but in fact no one does either. " We could give you many examples ", said Mr. Yakovlev, the Commissar of Agriculture, recently, " of how even at the height of the season only a part of the collective farmers actually worked, sometimes not more than half or a third of them ".

The majority of collective farms incur serious losses. Many industries, too, are unprofitable ; the recurring deficits on heavy industry are enormous. Often it is said that profits have no place in the Soviet system ; but I have never seen the reason for this assertion clearly stated. Seemingly, the presumption is that the workers produce surplus value, not as profit for capitalists but as contributions to the State, and therefore for their own benefit. Thus is derived the theory of " the common pool ", in other words, of fair distribution of commodities among those who actually make them with their own hands. Experience has shown that the Soviet Government has secured from the population whatever wealth it needed, caring little as to how this wealth was raised, whether by means of profit or of expropriation, both open and disguised. Consequently, the Russians have been required to make cruel sacrifices such as were never demanded of any people in history.

Stalin said recently : " We cannot look upon whether an undertaking pays or does not pay from a huckster's point of view, from the point of view of the immediate present. We must look upon it from the point of view of national economy as a whole over a period of several years." Yet it must not be thought that the Bolsheviks are indifferent to profits. Stalin and other leaders often dwell upon the imperative need for making Socialist undertakings profitable ; and, indeed, it is claimed that socialized enterprise, in its entirety, is profitable. But how is this conclusion reached ? The Government easily

does it by yearly setting down a sum as profit from socialized enterprise, and then on the other side of the account, a sum three times as large, made up of subventions to industry. The subventions mainly consist of grants from the revenue of the State Budget, which are never repaid. Sixty per cent. of this revenue is provided by a turnover tax—a levy on all goods sold, “a general excise”, as the Bolsheviks themselves describe it. The effect of this and of other lesser imposts is seen in prices. Socialist enterprise is monopolist: it has the consumer at its mercy. Hence it is not surprising that the firm prices charged by State undertakings for commodities of common consumption should have ranged from three to ten times higher than in pre-war days; on the other hand, the prices paid by State undertakings to peasants for their produce were only one and a half times higher than those prevailing before 1914. In either instance economic justification was lacking; and had it not been for the ruthless exercise of monopolist powers the condition of the population would have been much easier.

It is sometimes argued that the Bolsheviks were prudent in pursuing a price policy, the purpose of which was to bring about well-being in the future; but so far, as a consequence, more lives have been lost than were given up in the Great War, and the date fixed for achievement, the year when the Five Year Plan ended, has gone by.

In Russia deficits are embarrassing, but much less so than in capitalist countries. The technical reason for this is to be found in the way in which money is employed. The State finds its chief use for the rouble as a unit in which to do its accountancy. Wages are paid with roubles; but by rationing commodities, the prices of which are fixed, the Government determines to a very large extent what the value of the rouble shall be for privileged categories of the population; what, in other words, they shall have for their money. If they want more they must go for it to the free market, where prices are fantastic. But even prices for rationed commodities move upward, and have to be revised from time to time. Wages, too, are continuously raised. The Government has never refrained from printing money for this purpose and has of late ceased to publish statistics showing the total amount in circulation.

But there has been no corresponding increase in consumable goods. Had prices not been controlled they would have soared. As it was, there never was a sufficiency of goods on sale, and real wages continually fell, and have always been far below the level paid in capitalist countries. By the method described the Soviet State has been able to command on its own terms a vast host of raw labour; in addition, it got for nothing the labour of a million more men interned in camps. These circumstances, in conjunction with equipment largely paid for by means of foreign credits, and with the services of foreign engineers largely paid for by means of foreign currency obtained for the export of produce for which the peasants were ill-remunerated, explains how resources were secured for the erection of so many works and factories throughout the U.S.S.R. Soviet leaders and economists point to these enterprises and to the volume of consumable goods in circulation when they declare that Soviet money has more solid worth than the moneys of those capitalist countries which adhere to "the fetish of gold". But even though works and factories may have been erected with its aid, a currency does not derive present value from the prospect of goods becoming available from these enterprises in the future, while it is clear that, whatever the volume of consumable goods in Soviet Russia may be, even a privileged rationed purchaser by the expenditure of the whole of his income cannot procure anything like a sufficiency of them. The actual cover for currency in the U.S.S.R. is the labour of masses of men and women, but so incompetent and so inefficiently is it organized that it cannot produce and distribute the right kinds of commodities in quantities necessary to bestow serious value upon currency. Hence millions of people are continually hungry and in want. If that is the ultimate result of planning, then planning has indeed been a failure.

ON THE EDGE

BY MARTHA KINROSS

HER brother-in-law's letter did not surprise her. She had known during the year of waiting for the settlement of her husband's estate that he had not left much. There was less even than she expected, but there is always less money than one expects. She had gone on using the little she had in bank, with the ground hollow under her feet, for she had no income to stand upon, and no earning capacity. That was the trouble—no earning capacity. She had general intelligence, but no special equipment, and her age was now hopelessly against her. When Gerrard's investments turned out so disastrously and his health began to fail from worry, she had tried several ventures of her own. Part of her small capital she put into the tea-shop a friend was starting in Bloomsbury, but the shop had never paid expenses. Her last attempt had been a novel, because, it was suggested to her, she wrote delightful letters, so why not a novel? It was also the only thing that required no capital, only pen and paper and time. It was true that she had to live while she was writing, but then she *was* living, anyhow. So, although she saw no reason why another novel should be written while the world lasted, she had come abroad hoping for inspiration, and laboriously tried. A fortnight ago her MS. had been returned to her by her agent with a list of publishers' rejections. Extraordinary as often were their acceptances, in this instance she could not honestly dissent from their judgment.

Now James had written enclosing the statements, and saying how sorry he was that after all expenses of settlement had been met so little remained. She would have enough to live on for a few months longer without touching her capital, and perhaps in the meantime she would find something to do. He wished that he were able to help, but business was so bad that there were practically no profits—it was all that he could do to carry on—but if he were ever again in a position . . .

No, James must never have it to do again. He had been kind ; the capital to which he referred—an impressive word for a thousand pounds—she did not consider hers ; James had lent rather more than that, altogether, to Gerrard. He made no claim, which was decent of him, but all the same she owed it : it belonged to James. Even if she had the right to use it, in what should she invest ? If she had not been able to make money before, she would not make it now ; to make money—that inexplicable process—you must love it, you must believe in it, it must be an end in itself. For her and for Gerrard it had never been anything but a means. As for the one definite suggestion the letter contained, that she should return to England, had she not come away because there was nothing to do in an England so full of unemployed ?—the young unemployed with the assets of training and health and strength and looks, and the old unemployed with the asset of experience—though experience counted for much less. She thought of her applications that had failed. . . . It all came to this : as James said, she had enough to live on for a few months—a few months of life. It was clear in a sudden vision—like a light, like a voice. Though in reality it was not sudden ; it had been at the back of her mind for a long time, as an eventuality, as a fear. It was a fear no longer ; it was a conviction, an illumination. It was inevitable. The inevitable has only to be recognized to be accepted.

Nevertheless, she was astonished at her feeling, it was so calm and lasting ; not for a few hours only ; it abided with her—almost a feeling of relief. All doubts, anxieties, problems, were resolved : the way was straight to the end. She was delivered from all the things she dreaded : money worries, old age, physical failure, dependence. For all uncertainty, this lucid certainty. And with the acceptance of death came something of its peace. For morally she had no doubts ; she did not reject life, she renounced it. The big, personal things were over, but there was left such a sum of small satisfactions for every day that she might have gone on very pleasantly, very willingly, had she the means. Of course, she was inadequate for the existing scheme, but she could not altogether accept that scheme ; it seemed to her arbitrary, fantastic, preposterous, that what was meant to serve as a mere useful denotation of

values—values of things—had become *the* value for life. Without those dirty little bits of printed paper, the proxy for two earth-dug metals, she could not enjoy this sunshine, this sky, this earth, those far blue mountains. Whose tenant was she if not the earth's? But the earth was civilized, and civilization had made that law : no life without money. She could not change it.

The why was immutable ; the how and the where continued to trouble her. . . . She had had a life-long horror of publicity. Life-long, but *then* it need not concern her ; her privacy would be complete, beyond all rumours, a curtain dropped behind her. She hoped there would be no publicity or annoyance for James, and for that reason she would not go back to England and risk the verdict of a Rhadamanthine dozen summoned from the weighing of sugar and butter and potatoes to weighing the motives of souls. She would give the least possible inconvenience to others, but after all, sooner or later, some one would have to attend to those details for her—it was the one thing she could not do for herself. Fortunately, there were people whose business it was ; for whom, if not exactly a pleasure, it is at least a profit. But she discovered that if it is difficult to plan one's life, it is also extraordinarily difficult to plan one's death.

For the present she ceased planning : chance might present her with some unforeseen opportunity and make it simpler than it seemed. She would soon be going away to the mountains, to the high places—and she would not come back. It would mean giving up three months that with economy she might otherwise have, but what were three months? And with time her resolution might weaken, she might live herself back into life. She might lose the detachment, the sense of dedication. It was strange, that sense of dedication, and almost religious : she could imagine what some young priestess felt, vowed to sacrifice. For she had that intense consciousness of life that comes of the near consciousness of death. As a rule, we are hardly conscious of either.

Between herself and the people round her, all talking eagerly of their plans—"next winter we are going to Spain"—"next summer when we come back"—was the great gulf of her knowledge that for her there was to be no next summer, no next winter. And with that knowledge she began to feel excluded,

half-ghostly, already losing her place among the living. It was true, they had no certainty, either. Not one of them was sure of the next year. But they had not *her* certainty ; not the reminder which sometimes, when she was forgetting and also thinking of next year, breathed suddenly like a cold wind upstream, against her blood. They were not whispering to themselves : " The bright day is done. And we are for the dark ".

At times she said it with awe and incredulity, and again it was an item in her daily calculations. When she hesitated what frock to wear, she took down her best one : " What's the use of saving it ? " She bought two thin frocks for the summer, and they cost her more than two weeks of life. It was so, now, that she estimated all expenditure. The tips to the servants, on leaving, cost her two days.

For time had gone very fast : the heat in Rome was exhausting ; the guests in the pension where she was staying had all left, with the exception of one deaf old lady and herself ; in a week or two the pension would close until October. " You're not leaving a box ? " the padrona said, " then you're not coming back ? " In packing Sara discarded every superfluous thing, and destroyed all letters and papers except a few business papers which she placed in an envelope addressed to James, containing the will by which she bequeathed him her thousand pounds in bonds. And she re-wrote the instructions she always carried in her passport : " In the event of my death ".

The journey gave her a curious thrill, as if she were embarked for some further and stranger destination than a little hotel in the mountains near Bolzano. She had never so gone forth to the beauty of the world, the beauty of the world had never so come forth to her. The trees, the mountains, the clouds were edged with wonder : she remembered the young officer in Chekhov's play, *The Three Sisters*, going to his death in a duel, who looks back and sees everything as if for the first time. Yes, that was how she saw it : all the dullness of familiarity peeled away like a film, and the hidden marvel striking the naked sense.

One morning, coming out of the pine forest through which she had climbed, she found herself on an edge of the mountain that dropped a sheer two hundred feet to the rocks below. Wild

pinks grew in the crevices of the cliff, and one lovely clump just out of reach, over the edge. Only yesterday she had read of a vendor of edelweiss who had fallen and been killed. . . . She stood there for some time, gazing down, and turning away, her eye was caught by a small white object—the bleached skull of a hare, lying beside its pelt—there were no other bones. Death had been here before. She could see the beautiful brown creature feeding on the verge, and the sudden swoop of the eagle. Far out above the valley, at that moment, a large bird was soaring ; it might have been an eagle, or one of the pair of hawks she had watched yesterday, towering above these woods. But when she glanced down the cliff again she shuddered ; she was suddenly conscious of her body as of a separate presence, standing there, the victim of a premeditated crime. After all these years together, all the pleasure it had given her—merely to look at it at one time had been a pleasure, when it was young. Now, it had lost all beauty ; it was beginning to hang its weight on her as she had seen an aging wife hang on a husband's arm. But the bond was closer than that. What ingratitude ! What a betrayal !

She did not return to the cliff, she avoided it afterward. But there was another spot which she often visited : a small, bare alp standing out into the valley, level and green on top where a little ancient church had once stood, since pulled down and rebuilt on a lower site. As she lay there on the smooth, short turf, high up, near the sky, with the mountain wind passing over her, the place had for her a peculiar feeling, as if the innumerable prayers and petitions of the human heart arising from it through so many years linked it with the above and beyond. How many of those prayers had been answered ? There had been one answer for them all. Perhaps it was for that some had prayed. . . . Our debt to Nature, payable only on Nature's demand ? Why should it be so one-sided ? Did not Nature owe her a death ? In this spot it almost seemed possible, by the intensity of her will to reach up, at need, and draw down that hovering shadow—that always hovering shadow that from the hour of birth opens its invisible wings and hangs, angel or bird of prey, over each man's head. She had felt that her life belonged to her ; to live or not to live was for her to decide. Now she

was not so sure. If we are all under sentence of death, we are all under sentence for life.

More people were arriving at her hotel-pension. At first there were barely a dozen, all Germans and Austrians, but two Americans had lately come, and one Englishwoman, who was alone. Another withered leaf, she thought, like herself, attached to no family tree and blowing about the world. In this, however, she was mistaken; Mrs. Herndon owned a villa near Florence, and lived in Italy for reasons apparently not connected with economy, since the fall in exchange had not driven her home. Climate, presumably, was an inducement, for she said:

"If England only had a different climate, and was not inhabited by the English——"

A speech Sara resented. "From what I see on the Continent I do not feel that it could be inhabited by anything better."

"Quite", Mrs. Herndon agreed; "quite true. That's partly why I stay. It's pleasant to feel *complaisant* about one's country, even if to do so one has to leave it".

In spite of this opening passage they became friendly. Mrs. Herndon took *The Times*, and subscribed to several of the best English monthly periodicals, and these she passed on to Sara. They discovered a sufficient correspondence in their views on politics and religion, and in their taste for books. They were both widows without children, and neither of them regretted her childlessness. "If I ever did", Mrs. Herndon said, "I've forgotten, but I don't believe I ever did. Now I'm only interested in the adult of the human species, and not often in them".

"Do you live alone?"

"Except for my servants. Companionship is something one can't buy. The women who volunteer for it are those who aren't fit for anything else. They seem to think companionship consists in being entirely negative."

"It's safer being negative with someone who is very positive", Sara suggested, not knowing whether this would be taken as a compliment or a criticism, though Mrs. Herndon surely would not want to be considered negative, if that were possible. "And the job is usually so badly paid. One doesn't get ability for nothing. But brains aren't easy to live with."

"Neither is stupidity", Mrs. Herndon replied.

"Low wages and no fixed hours." . . . Sara had considered the question, for *she* was one of the women who were not fitted for anything more definite. "I could give up life all at once, altogether—but I don't think I could give it up day by day."

"Where are you going when you leave here?" Mrs. Herndon one day asked her, abruptly.

"I haven't the least idea." She did not think that Mrs. Herndon believed her, but she had never said anything more profoundly true.

The question recalled her to the facts. Not that she had forgotten them, but that one thought no longer so filled her mind. She had lost the first exaltation. Even during the first days of her stay here, as she walked this high ridge between two valleys, she had felt lifted up above life and death. Now, fragments of trivial conversation floated in her mind. There was no more self-communication; but, as in those moments when one lingers with a friend whom one may never see again, waiting for the ship to sail, or the train to start—nothing to say except goodbye. She had slipped back into the pleasant pettiness of life: she read, wrote letters, gathered wild flowers, had tea on the terrace, talked with people, and was stimulated by Mrs. Herndon to work at Italian—which last she knew was futile; better be occupied in knitting jumpers, like the other women, for a jumper was tangible, it would survive, while all the little heap of accumulated knowledge is scattered at a breath.

There was one hour when she always managed to be alone; when, with sunset the peaks of the Dolomiti rose, self-kindled, and burned with awful silent intensity upon the sky, like that great wave of horned flame in the *Inferno* of which Ulysses was a living peak, "*lo maggior corno*". But one afternoon she was late in starting, and observed from her window the different national reactions on the terrace below. The German ladies, after the consumption of three slices of cake and two iced coffees apiece, squared expansive backs to the hotel and became rapt in the right sensations; the Italians paused a moment to exclaim "*Che bellezza! Che bellezza!*" and resumed the discussion of vestiti, mangiare and bambini; and Mrs. Herndon was trying to look as if she noticed nothing.

When Sara appeared, she looked up and said: "If you are going for a walk, I should like to come with you. There is something I wish to discuss."

"I don't know", she began, when they were seated on a bench in the pine woods, "that there is much use for me to make my proposal. From what you said the other day, I gathered that you would rather die than be a companion".

"Did I put it as strong as that? A companion to whom?"

"To me. At the time I was not thinking of it. It has occurred to me since. I have never wanted to live with another woman—I don't think one does after one has lived with a man. Now, I suppose, I'm getting older—one shrinks, one doesn't fill one's shell. I have tried two companions: one was sentimental, the other was spinsterish—women usually become one thing or the other if they don't marry. I want an independent woman."

"As regards money? I haven't any", Sara confessed.

Mrs. Herndon was not referring to money. "You said it was the worst-paid job. I can offer you ten pounds a month, and you won't have any expenses. When we travel, all your expenses will be paid. And we won't see too much of one another. If we can help it, we'll never see each other before lunch. . . . You might try it."

"And if it doesn't work?"

"It can be terminated."

"Only then it might be too late—for something else."

"You have another offer?"

"No, one doesn't get offers. It is most unexpected to have this. It was something I had decided to do. I can't explain. But it would solve all my difficulties."

"Oh, well, then, of course. I can think of but one thing that would solve all of mine. . . . You couldn't do it afterward, if our arrangement failed?"

"I have the feeling that I couldn't do it afterward, that I must do it now", Sara said. "I appreciate your wanting me—the kindness of your offer. May I think it over?"

She might take what time she liked to consider it, and Mrs. Herndon enlarged her offer: she would advance three months' salary. "I think I'm perfectly safe in doing so. I believe we can stand each other that long, anyhow."

Sara was ashamed that she had felt and expressed so little gratitude. She could not perform the new orientation so suddenly. Once, after an illness when she had been very near death, she had felt it impossible to take up the whole load of life at one time—it had to be picked up piece by piece, like faggots. And now, as she lay awake all night thinking over this chance, she was not glad as she should have been glad. The spirit felt the chain. It was no final solution, it was only a reprieve. But life is a series of reprieves.

She rose, breakfasted on the terrace and went off early. Mrs. Herndon would not mention the subject again, she was sure, but she did not want to meet her until it was decided. It was curious that she should have appeared like the ram out of the bushes—that was hardly the comparison—like the goddess out of the machine, to avert a sacrifice. She, Sara, had never told her anything of her circumstances. . . . Mrs. Herndon had come between her and destiny, an intruder, arrogating powers of life and death. For though she had come away here into the woods, in the peace of the morning, to make her decision, it was already made for her. Mrs. Herndon had made it. By offering her a choice she had deprived her of choice. From the beginning she had said to herself: "It is only right because there is nothing else to do. If there were anything else I would not do it".

The narrow path she followed through the forest brought her out suddenly on the edge of the precipice where she had been a few weeks ago, where she had looked down and said: "It might be here. This might be the place". The pinks were done blooming; the hare's little grinning skull lay among their withered tufts. She sat down and stared at it, tired and relaxed.

She was not a tragic protagonist, she was a lady's companion. She was an anti-climax. But she had proved what it feels like when the spirit is drawn to its full height, to look—not challenging, not combative, but tranquil and equal—into the eyes of death. She could not forget that experience; though when she rose to go and stood a moment, something seemed to pass away on the flit of an invisible wing, something not seen nor heard, only felt as an infinite possibility. Of what she did not know.

JOSEPH CONRAD : TEN YEARS AFTER

BY RICHARD CURLE

JOSEPH CONRAD will have been dead ten years on August 3rd, and it seems fitting at this date to recall the personality and achievements of this extraordinary man.

And I would like to emphasise at once that, even if he had never written a line, the adjective "extraordinary" would still apply. He impressed everybody who met him by a quality of greatness which it is hard to define: there was something magnetic and vital about him. And yet, though time only seems to make Conrad's figure stand out more clearly, nevertheless I am very certain that no one really understood him. In some ways he was simple, as all natures must be that have a few deep roots in life, but in other ways he was highly complex. And those two sides of him intermingled to such an extent that in the midst of the most ordinary conversation a note of irony might creep into his voice and the whole tone of the discussion imperceptibly change. His regard for such words as honour, fidelity, and duty was perhaps the only final justification he found for existence, and he was, I am inclined to think, essentially pessimistic at heart.

But it was almost impossible to gather what Conrad truly thought about most things. I have heard him declare that some people gained success by a policy of never apologizing and never explaining, and though it would not have occurred to Conrad to adopt such an attitude, yet he was instinctively a man of many reserves and silences. Prolonged association gave one a sort of intuitive perception of him, but even that was very limited, and one always felt that beyond a certain point one would be left guessing. But if there was in Conrad a deep region of inner solitude, he was far from being a hermit, and he needed the companionship of someone who did not create nervous tension or react unfavourably to his moods. His own friends were immune from his irony, and they brought out the simplest side of his

complex nature. Conrad, who did not value possessions in the least, and whose elaborate politeness often concealed boredom and scepticism, did value his friends. Of them he would hear nothing ill, and their visits were a perennial pleasure.

He had the most astonishing memory for books or events that interested him, and to hear him discuss, for example, the intricate European politics of the Napoleonic era—either First or Second Empire—was to listen to a masterly and detailed survey. As to his own strange and varied experiences, fascinating glimpses of them would emerge in those intimate soliloquies, in which, without warning, he would sometimes indulge when sitting with one companion in his study late at night. I learnt to keep very quiet when this retrospective stream was flowing. Events never before described, places and people never before mentioned, were unrolled before one without a word of explanation, while, seemingly half-unconscious of another's presence, Conrad wound into the past. At such times his very expression changed, as if his mind were, indeed, far away, and his voice had a singular low-pitched note which spoke of the concentration of his thought. Nothing so yielded one an insight, not alone into the amazing background on which he had built his novels, but into the exciting and incalculable range of his own mentality.

Talking of this background, I would wish to stress here the autobiographical basis of so much of his work. It is not only *The Mirror of the Sea* and *A Personal Record*, but such novels as *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *The Shadow-Line* and *The Arrow of Gold*, such short stories as "Youth", "Heart of Darkness," and "A Smile of Fortune" that have the very note of personal reminiscence in them. And in many of his other novels and stories the scenery and characters were developed creatively from his own observation. He used to say that he was not inventive, and that his ideas came to him unbidden—the hint for a tale from something he had seen or heard or read. I have sometimes wondered whether it be this foundation of reality which helps to give so convincing an air to his writings.

And Conrad's memory was vivified by strong sentiment. His was not a passive friendship : he was always trying to help and encourage those he cared for. His generosity was only too boundless. He had no money sense, and was open-handed to

an incredible degree. And sometimes, I am afraid, he was taken advantage of. On one occasion I induced him to send only £50 to an acquaintance who had stated that unless he received £250, ruin stared him in the face. However, he managed to evade destruction, though I never heard that he either acknowledged or returned the £50. But Conrad, who had had bitter experience of financial want, was always ready to give or lend on the slightest provocation.

Which leads me to say that he got on easily with all kinds of diverse types and was not always, in my opinion, a good judge of character. But he liked to have people about him, and was compassionate to those who were down on their luck. In fact, if not bored or irritated, he was remarkably lenient in his opinions of others. And he derived amusement from some of his visitors and even from some of the more fantastic letters he received. Conrad had a marked sense of humour, though I admit it was not always of the English variety—I can never understand why critics assert that his books are lacking in humour—and odd incidents or personalities would arouse his mirth for days afterwards. The ludicrous affected him rather as an anodyne, and he was momentarily able to escape from his own sombre brooding by a kind of hilarious gaiety.

When Conrad felt well he was the most enchanting of companions. The richness of his mind and personality played about one like a flame. More than anybody I have known, he entered into the interests of others and drew his friends out by sympathy and tact. The sardonic and melancholy tinge of his thought might lie there beneath the surface, but he obtruded it as little as possible.

But when gout was on him he seemed to recede into gloomy and inaccessible depths, and to be the victim of an overwhelming darkness. He would sit hunched in his chair, crossing and uncrossing his legs and nervously tapping the table by his side. An occasional explosive "damn!" would burst from his lips, and his expression wore a sort of haggard fierceness as if he were facing alone a crowd of demons.

Somebody asked me recently whether Conrad wrote because he had gout. The question, as put, sounded naïve, but it may fairly be argued that if he had not suffered from gout—it all

began with his desperate illness in the Congo in 1890—he would very probably have remained at sea and not been forced to take up writing as a career. Though gout caused him endless tortures, he always used to argue, citing the case of Lord Chatham in the eighteenth century, that it was a preserver of the intellect. But if it were—and Conrad's intellect certainly was preserved—he paid dear for the privilege. It cost him untold anguish, and it shortened his life. But he was not unwilling to die, and he passed away at the very height of his renown and prosperity. Perhaps it is as well. The changes of the last ten years would have brought him little happiness. His work was done, he was tired out, and death came to him swiftly.

By the exigencies of his calling, Conrad had been a world traveller in his day, sailing to such distant places as Venezuela, India, Siam, the Dutch East Indies, Australia, South Africa, and the Congo, but he always insisted that he merely travelled because he had to, and latterly, at any rate, he appeared to dislike the very idea of the tropics and of far countries. He infinitely preferred his home in Kent to all the splendour of the Orient, and had practically no wish to wander any more.

In the literary sense of the word Conrad was not a nature-lover or one of those writers inspired by what Theodore Watts-Dunton called the renaissance of wonder. Historic association meant more to him than beauty, and perhaps the part of the globe which attracted him most was the shores of the Mediterranean. He came more and more to ignore those passages in his earlier works, in which scenery is painted with such eloquence, and the distaste he had for anthologies of his work was bound up with the feeling that its importance had nothing to do with individual extracts, but depended entirely on the total achievement of each book.

I am not sure that Conrad had any particular affection for the sea, though he did have an affection for sailing ships. He wrote and spoke about them with real warmth, but how often does he emphasise in his books the heartless cruelty and indifference of the sea. But while he loved to expound the points of ships and was quick to resent the inaccurate use of technical phrases concerning them, yet nothing annoyed him more than to be called, as he so frequently was, "a novelist of the sea".

When on his voyage to America in 1923 he was addressed as "Captain Conrad", the compliment irritated rather than flattered him.

All such things, he held, tended to distort the main purport of his work, and he used to assure me with considerable emphasis that no matter where he placed his settings, his concern was with people. It is true that he had an admiration for the sea stories of Captain Marryat and Fennimore Cooper, but that, undoubtedly, was because they pictured with graphic accuracy the kind of seaman's life he had himself experienced. And there was something about that life, with its need of precise mastery and its call for loyalty and fortitude, which appealed to him profoundly.

Even after his first book was published, late in 1894, he was still trying to return to the sea; and he went to Glasgow to interview a shipowner, to whom, I believe, R. B. Cunninghame-Graham had given him a letter of introduction. Certainly it had not occurred to him yet that he could make a livelihood out of writing—he told me that when he posted the manuscript of *Almayer's Folly* to the publishers he never expected anything to happen, and, indeed, he sold the copyright for about £25—but behind all that there was a nostalgia for the life itself.

When he first left the sea for good, and had a house in Essex, he would sometimes go yachting in the estuary of the Thames, as though loath to cut himself off altogether from his old existence. A friend of his described amusingly to me one of those expeditions. The sailing boat was trying to make the shore, which was only a few yards away, and the landlubber guest innocently suggested to Conrad that he should grasp one of the overhanging branches and pull the boat in. But Conrad, who was acting the part of chief mate on that occasion and obeying orders with nautical promptitude, turned on him a look of withering indignation, and the elaborate tacking continued.

But even so trifling an incident was typical of Conrad's insistence that things should be done *right*. His record as a seaman—he always cherished his various "discharges"—was one of honourable efficiency, and it was a similar spirit which inspired his work as a novelist. He never slurred over a line, he never allowed himself to fall short of his own ideal of artistic integrity. In brief, he never took the easy road. Slovenliness was abhorrent to him.

In later years Conrad composed very slowly, dictating, maybe, 350 words a day, and then re-writing over the typescript ; but he told me that he had written *Heart of Darkness*, which is 40,000 words in length, in a month, and when he had the strength for it he would slave over his work as did Flaubert. I think that *Nostromo* and *Under Western Eyes* cost him the most toil of all his books, while his own favourites were *The Nigger of the Narcissus* and *The Mirror of the Sea*. He did not regard them as his greatest books, but he had a peculiar affection for them. In my copy of *The Nigger* he wrote, " By these pages I stand or fall " ; and in my copy of *The Mirror*, " I have a special feeling for these pages. Twenty best years of my life went to the making of them ".

Conrad was the least egotistic of authors, and had no wish to discuss his work unless the subject was brought up naturally. Then he would speak freely enough, though with an underlying restraint typical of his wisdom and good taste. But there were only a few critics, such as Arthur Marwood and Edward Garnett, whose opinions he really valued. It was very easy to rub him up the wrong way by unintelligent praise, and, being human, he was apt to belittle the books most people admired, and to find points about those that were not so popular. He thought well of *Nostromo* and of *A Set of Six*—" I consider this a collection of no mean tricks ", he wrote—which were rather neglected, but he did not give *Lord Jim* the place it had in public esteem. " When I began this story, which some people think my best—personally I don't—I formed the resolve to cram as much character and episode into it as it could hold. This explains its great length, which the tale itself does not justify ", was his comment—and he believed that *Chance*, the first book of his to bring him wide recognition, had received an undue share of praise. However, this rule of contraries was by no means universal. He agreed with the public in thinking but little of *An Outcast of the Islands* and *Within the Tides*, while *Victory*, an outstanding success, was one of his own favourites.

Conrad felt that his time was short and that *Suspense* would be his last novel. A few hours before he was seized with his fatal illness he told me that he saw five different ways of finishing it ; and though an American weekly, subsequent to his death, offered a prize for the most satisfactory solution of that problem, I can

only say that Conrad himself had come to no decision. Another American publication offered the trustees a large sum of money for the serial rights of *Suspense*, provided permission were given to have it completed by any one of about fifteen submitted names. I have not kept the list, but if I remember aright, one of the names on it was that of Rex Beach. The offer was declined. Needless to say, *Suspense* has never been finished; the only thing to do was to leave it the gigantic fragment that it is.

Many myths have sprung up around Conrad. Most of them are of the type that carry their own contradiction, and are not worth mentioning. But there is one which, though constantly exposed, is almost universally believed. I refer to the story which says, with varying embellishments, that it was to John Galsworthy that Conrad, an officer in the sailing ship in which he was a passenger, showed the uncompleted manuscript of *Almayer's Folly*. It is totally untrue. Galsworthy did sail in the *Torrens* with Conrad in 1893, but his voyage was from Adelaide to Cape Town; whereas it was on the voyage out to Australia that Conrad showed those chapters to a passenger, and his name was W. H. Jacques. But surely it was strange enough that Galsworthy and Conrad should have met at all in such a manner, particularly when we learn that Galsworthy had gone to Australia with the intention of sailing thence to the South Sea Islands to meet Robert Louis Stevenson, but failing in that plan had happened to take ship with Conrad instead.

Conrad had pronounced likes and antipathies, and while he was more than just to his friends, who, in his sight, could scarcely do wrong, he was at times extremely quick to take offence with people who, more often than not, meant no harm, but were merely thoughtless or stupid. In his anger he was unapproachable, his deep-set eyes literally blazing, and his voice cutting as a whip, but unless deliberately insulted, the flurry soon subsided. I have known him furious at such seeming trivialities as a business letter accidentally left unsigned, the denseness of a waiter in an hotel, muddle about meeting someone at a station, but such outbursts were purely the result of his high-strung temperament and frayed nervous system. Before the real blows of fate Conrad was dignified and heroic. His was an intense nature, and the more one knew him, the more one discounted his

flashes of annoyance. For at heart he was just and magnanimous, and though he had his prejudices he allowed for the prejudices of others. Once, I recall, when he was about to abuse Dostoievsky (one of his pet aversions) before some guests, he first turned to me, who admired that Russian, and apologized for what he was going to say.

Conrad had, in truth, the manners of a grand seigneur, and it was charming to watch the way he would raise his wife's hand to his lips. He was not angular, as so many creative writers are, and he never condescended in the least to even the simplest of persons. His understanding courtesy was such that children, who are quick to grasp shades, were captivated by him, and immediately felt at their ease. And that is a sound test of unassuming graciousness.

One of the most marked characteristics of Conrad was his tenacity of purpose. When he had made up his mind to anything he finally achieved it. As a boy he had determined to go to sea—an almost unheard of act for a Pole—and against all persuasions and obstacles he did go to sea. He put *The Rescue* aside for twenty years because he could not get on with it, but finally he took it up again and rounded it off superbly. But these concrete examples do not really convey the measure of his tenacity. It is when one considers how he triumphed over poverty and ill-health, never yielding an inch or allowing his mind to wander from the goal, that one is forcibly struck by the tremendous resolution and perseverance of his character.

Conrad was an omnivorous and very fast reader and, within broad limits, a critic of depth and discrimination. He loved old memoirs and travels—I think Wallace's *Malay Archipelago* was his favourite bedside book—and he never tired of picking up the books of such authors as Turgenev, Flaubert, Maupassant, Anatole France, Henry James and W. H. Hudson. But, indeed, his reading was vast and desultory, and was not confined to one group of authors or to a few chosen subjects. It was not even confined to one book at a time. When he was in bed he would have, perhaps, half a dozen volumes turned down open on the coverlet, glancing at them in haphazard order as the fancy took him. Against that boredom or weariness with life which so frequently descended upon Conrad, books, and especially the

tried books whose savour he had often tasted, were his unfailing standby.

Some surprise has been felt at Conrad's political conservatism, particularly as his own father played a prominent part in the last Polish uprising against Russia in the early 'sixties. But Conrad always maintained that that was not a revolutionary movement, but a fight for freedom; and to the end of his days he had the profoundest distrust of radical policies and an utter contempt for internationalism. Once when I was out of England, a friend of mine, an ardent admirer of his work, wrote to Conrad, introducing herself and asking permission to bring down a Polish artist who was anxious to make a sketch of him. Conrad, with his usual politeness, invited them both to lunch, but when at the table the lady impulsively exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Conrad, you of all men ought to be an internationalist!" it would appear, from what she told me, that he flew into a rage and declared that he would not have such conversation in his house. And it does not astonish me: I could have warned her that she was on dangerous ground.

To what extent Conrad had faith in the established order of things I am not sure—his opinions might look simple when the reasoning behind them was extremely subtle—but there was something idealistic in his sense of patriotism. For Poland, the downtrodden, and for England, the home of liberty, he had a close and personal devotion. Indeed, in his philosophic attitude towards England he was in some aspects more English than the English, and his conservatism may have been partially due to a foreigner's conception of that historic role England has played in the affairs of Europe.

Again, his seaman's upbringing, with its insistence on discipline for the safety of all, may have helped to mould the tenor of his thought. There is no room at sea for social, or other, experiments, and Conrad, while he hated tyranny and autocracy, was a believer in tradition and efficiency.

I have said that in some respects Conrad was more English than the English, but I must add that in others he remained very un-English. He spoke with a foreign accent, he never really accustomed himself to many English habits—I may name, as small instances, his dislike of draughty open windows and of

English mustard, the use of which he compared to swallowing a poultice—and he would at times feel an irritation at our insular smugness, which is very typical of the cultivated stranger. I have heard it maintained that Conrad's literary reputation may ultimately suffer because, though dwelling and writing in England, he was not by birth an Englishman. I cannot believe it in Conrad's case, his unique and powerful genius being great enough to rise above all general rules, but by and large it is unwise for a writer to expatriate himself. Poland, of course, was part of Russia when he became naturalized in the 'eighties, but even so he felt the disabilities of his position. He would never accept honorary degrees for that very reason, and he declined the knighthood (though he would probably have declined that in any case) which was offered him by the Prime Minister towards the close of his life.

Nevertheless, he was bound to England by a spiritual affinity that went to the very core of his being. He wrote to me from Boston in 1923, "In the midst of New England my thoughts are fixed on *England (tout court)*, where my affections for my family and my friends dwell immovably". I am aware that it has been asserted that he thought of writing in French, but the fact remains that he *did* write in English. Polish, of course, he wrote and spoke as a Pole; his French, I have been assured by a Frenchman, was perfect; and as for his English—well, we all know what his English was! His only trouble seems to have been with "will" and "shall", and I remember correcting many of these misuses when his collected edition was being prepared.

Conrad had a habit of voicing momentary fancies, not taken seriously by himself, that floated through his brain; and if he ever made the remark about writing in French I suggest that that was one of them. And I suggest it also of the statement, which has been put forward, that, if he had survived, he had intended to go to Poland to finish his days. For I am sure he would never have left England for long. It was his permanent home, the only place where he felt really comfortable, and he was actually just about to move into a new house along the Dover road, some eight miles from Oswalds, when death overtook him on August 3rd, 1924.

But though he would never have abandoned England for Poland, he did retain for his natal country a devotion as instinctive as second nature. But truth to say, he was not unduly elated at Poland's recovered freedom. He feared that it would not last, and that once again Poland would become a storm centre and be divided up. The Poles, themselves, had an exalted regard for Conrad, both as author and patriot. He was, indeed, a great son of Poland and a great adopted son of England, but the two loyalties never clashed, because they were on different planes.

Conrad's fame has not escaped that belittling process which is the lot of all creative artists within a few years of their death and lasts until the prejudices of the moment have been forgotten and time begins to sift the immortal reputations from the ephemeral. A novelist such as Miss Rose Macaulay may declare that "Conrad's ship is already sinking below the horizon", but, as a friend of mine puts it, "It will circumnavigate the globe and reappear before Miss Macaulay's astonished eyes".

It most assuredly will ! Probably it is correct to say that genius, in its very nature, arouses antagonism as well as admiration, but one thing is certain, and that is that it cannot be ignored. The author of *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, of *Lord Jim*, of *Youth*, of *Typhoon*, of *Nostromo*, of *The Secret Agent*, of *'Twixt Land and Sea*, of *Chance*, and of *Victory*, which, without dogmatism, I would call his greatest books, though others may think differently, is, I maintain, one of the supreme novelists, and when most of the clever writers of this era and the last are fading names Conrad will emerge in his true stature, towering like a beacon far above them.

THE FUTURE OF THE SMALL STATES

BY DR. R. HERCOT

THE Four Power Pact, put forward by Signor Mussolini and accepted in principle by Great Britain, France and Germany, has aroused in the smaller states a lively apprehension, which has not yet calmed down, even if it is no longer openly expressed. It matters little that the Pact is practically dead and buried. The Duce is tenacious ; he does not readily sacrifice his plans, and the little nations already see themselves delivered over without defence to a new Holy Alliance to be disposed of at its pleasure. They are quite willing indeed to admit that the great Powers may discuss important international questions without inviting Luxembourg or Albania to join in their councils. But although peoples, like individuals, have short memories, they remember what took place yesterday, and they have not forgotten that the father of the Pact has declared more than once, in the trenchant and slightly aggressive language which he likes to employ in his oratorical manifestations, that the role of the small states in the history of the world has come to an end and that their existence is no longer justified.

Doubtless there is no reason to fear that the small states will be annexed by their more powerful neighbours ; the times of the partitions of Poland have gone by, and only a victim of persecution mania could imagine that Great Britain would ever annex Norway, or French troops occupy western Switzerland. As for Italy, it is but fair to recognize that Signor Mussolini has never claimed Italian Switzerland, and that when exalted spirits have attempted to foment pro-Italian agitation among the Italian-speaking Swiss he has always promptly intervened, and it has ceased.

In the case of Germany the position is less clear. Nazi theorists consider all people of German race as among the elect : those living beyond the frontiers of the Third Empire are

separated brothers whom it is hoped to see restored to the arms of the Fatherland. Certain Nazi circles quite fail to understand why Swiss Germans or Austrians betray so little eagerness to respond to the appeal addressed to them, and these zealots doubtless would be willing to bring these lost sheep into the fold by force. It must be acknowledged, however, that the attitude of official Germany, towards Switzerland at any rate, is quite correct, and there is no reason to attribute to it annexationist designs.

But there are indirect ways of exercising authority, and it is this form of subjection that the small nations fear. It is possible, while respecting the political independence of a people, to reduce it to servitude commercially. And in our days economics outweigh politics. What partially justifies these fears is the fact that the four big Powers are not, and cannot be, disinterested arbiters with but one aim—to create order, peace and justice throughout the world. They must naturally consider their own interests. The interests of Great Britain do not always coincide with those of France, nor those of France with Germany's, so that the sessions of the Council of Four, if they ever met, would often tend to be stormy. To appease these conflicts, what more natural than that the great Powers should make *mutual* concessions at the expense of the smaller states, dividing the European world into spheres of influence?—to England the Scandinavian countries; to France, Western Europe; to Italy the region of the Danube and the Balkans; to Germany the Baltic States and Russia. Those who follow this reasoning doubtless go too far. But they may recall the famous Hugenberg memorandum at the London Economic Conference, in which the Nationalist Minister proposed to lay Russia under regular contribution to the profit of Germany. The uneasiness of the small nations is accordingly to be understood, even if their fears are exaggerated.

There are some among them who, like Signor Mussolini, believe that concentration is the natural law of the present day, and that it would be vain for the small states to try to oppose an inevitable evolution. Others, on the other hand, endeavour to face the facts, to examine in what consists the inferiority or the superiority of the small peoples, and to consider how the small states might justify their right to existence and contribute to the

progress of the world. We would note in particular the interesting study by a brilliant Swedish publicist, M. Sven Backlund, professor at the Nordic Peoples' College at Geneva, dealing with the question we are discussing. (*"Europas oförenta stater"*—"Europe's Disunited States".) Although M. Backlund seems sometimes to leave the solid ground of reality for the realms of Utopia, his ideas well deserve examination. He endeavours to approach his subject with strict impartiality and without preconceived notions. If his examination should prove that the small states have indeed no longer any serious reasons for existence, he is ready for his own country to accept the solution, favoured, it appears, in some Swedish circles, of attachment to the British Empire as one of her Dominions. May one venture to state in passing that a Swedish Dominion would be worthy of her sisters, New Zealand, Australia and Canada?

The small nations, it must be admitted, are subject to many limitations. They depend, much more than the larger states, on foreign countries. This is the case not only in the political and military domains, where numbers play a preponderating part, but also in the economic field. Most countries to-day, as a result of the economic crisis and in order to provide work for their own people, are endeavouring, as far as possible, to be self-sufficing. Autarchy is their ultimate aim. It is obvious that this system, which can with difficulty be applied even by great nations with vast resources like France and Germany, is out of the question for the smaller peoples. Were they constrained to adopt it they would relapse into primitive barbarism. Switzerland realized this during the war. She discovered that from the resources of her own soil she could not live more than a few weeks, whilst her specialized industries, deprived of foreign markets, must inevitably dwindle away and disappear. Had the Allies not conceded the necessary facilities for importing foodstuffs, and had their orders for war material not sustained her declining industries, there would have been widespread unemployment and famine. The war was an exceptional and unforeseen event; but if, after long previous preparation, Switzerland desired to introduce autarchy, her people would have to give up most of the commodities of life, replace machinery by hand-labour—in other words, return to the middle ages; and even then the country

would not be able to feed her four million inhabitants. Many of them would be forced to emigrate. Other small countries in the same circumstances would be little better off, although Norway and Sweden are richer in raw materials. In order to live, the small states must be able to exchange their products with others from abroad : their home market is absolutely insufficient.

This dependent situation reveals itself also in the cultural field. We hear indeed of Helvetic, Swedish, or Finnish culture, but this culture consists in great part of elements borrowed from several foreign civilizations. For Switzerland the fact is evident, since her inhabitants speak the language of the three great nations by whom they are surrounded, and have in reality three different cultures, which exist side by side but do not blend. Sweden, Finland, Norway have the advantage of possessing their own languages, but the radius of these languages does not suffice to satisfy the aspirations of the nation's intellectual *élite*. They are constrained to borrow largely from foreign literature, to attach exceptional importance to the study of foreign languages in their school curricula. Examine the booksellers' shop windows in Oslo, Stockholm or Helsingfors : most of the books exposed for sale are translations. The Englishman, the Frenchman, drawing directly from the wells of an extraordinarily rich national literature, may find there all they need for their intellectual development ; not so the small nations.

Not less is the inferiority in the scientific field. Doubtless the small countries have made contributions of the highest value to science, but at the price of what difficulties : laboratories often poorly equipped, niggardly material support, and above all what I will call a weak "sounding-board." The English inventor will immediately find a public, restricted it may be at first, who will understand the interest of his invention and afford him the means of exploiting it. How many Swiss inventors have I known who have exhausted themselves in vain efforts to gain a hearing and who, in despair, have had to offer their invention to foreigners !

Suppose that a small country gave birth to a great writer, that Albania had her Shakespeare : how many years would it take for his genius to be recognized by his fellow-countrymen ? Perhaps, for lack of a public, he would die unknown and it would

be left to posterity to discover a genius ignored by his contemporaries. It is almost impossible for a writer of a small country, whatever his talents, to become widely known abroad. I can think of none but the Norwegians Ibsen and Björnson who have taken their place in world literature. And yet Norway, Sweden and Finland have produced, besides these two great men, other writers of the highest merit.

There are doubtless in the North thousands of people who have the complete works of Galsworthy and read them in the original. How many Englishmen read, even in translations, the works of the Norwegian writer, Lie, or the Swede, Rydberg, or the Finn, Runeberg? And yet, from a literary standpoint, they are quite on a level with Galsworthy. One more example. All Finland is preparing to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Alexis Kivi, commonly called the Finnish Dickens, whose profound and humorous work, *The Seven Brothers*, ranks among the great masterpieces of literature. I do not ask how many Englishmen have read Kivi in the original, for the Finnish language, with sixteen cases in its declension, may well discourage foreign readers, but how many have read him in a translation, if one even exists in the English language? Whereas the works of Dickens, in the original or in translation, have long been popular, in the strict sense of the word, in Finland.

There is the same limitation from the political point of view. The Prime Minister or the Minister of Foreign Affairs in England and in France make their influence felt far beyond the limits of their frontiers, even to the uttermost ends of the earth. Let Mr. Roosevelt, like Jupiter of old, frown, and the whole world holds its breath. As for their colleagues of the small states who may have the making of great statesmen, who, born under another sky might have played the part of a Cavour or a Bismarck, they draw up commercial treaties, settle trifling frontier incidents, and occupy themselves with humble administrative duties. The League of Nations has enabled some of them, in spite of their modest reserve, to emerge from the shade—a Branting, a Benesh, and, may a Swiss venture to add? a Motta.

The *élite* in the small countries are keenly conscious of the inferior and dependent situation which fate has reserved for them. They react in different ways. There are some who, often from

personal vanity, in the hope of finding wider scope for their ambitions, would willingly allow their country to be peacefully absorbed by one of the great Powers. These, it must be said, are rare cases.

Others make an actual boast of their isolation and weakness, and fall into a distrustful and absurd nationalism. "*Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre*", as the poet says. In their eyes their own country is the most beautiful in the world, their population the most intelligent, their institutions the most wisely conceived. In my student days we used to sing with gusto a popular refrain: "There are none like us, no, none like us in all the earth." We had enough sense to make a joke of this manifest exaggeration. But among wide circles of the population in the smaller countries this state of mind prevails. It is displeasing enough to see a great nation imbued with her own perfection, the German's pride of race grates on our nerves, but a similar attitude on the part of petty republics or principalities is somewhat ridiculous.

But there are others who take a wider and deeper view. In our inability to be self-sufficing lies our strength as well as our weakness, for it is this inferiority which makes us the champions of a lofty idea, on which depends the salvation of Europe and of civilization—that of the drawing together and friendly collaboration of peoples. Doubtless in our case there is no choice; we must draw together or perish, collaborate or lose our cherished independence.

It is here that we rejoin M. Backlund. In the course of the Disarmament Conference it struck him as significant that eight of the smaller states—Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, Belgium and Czechoslovakia—repeatedly combined in drawing up a common policy. Quite recently again, a Swedish memorandum was countersigned by the two other Scandinavian states, Switzerland and Spain, and approved in its main lines by Holland. The Swedish publicist sees more in these consultations than an occasional friendly gathering without further consequences; he believes they are to lay the foundations of a confederation of small European states, associated in the pursuit of a common policy of peace, social progress and international collaboration.

The group foreseen by M. Backlund would not attempt to pose as a great Power alongside the other great Powers, although with its 82 million inhabitants it might have some right to do so. Realizing its own powerlessness from a military point of view, its members being dispersed and separated by other important groups, it would resolutely discard force from its policy and would practice an absolute pacifism. A political union appearing to be rather problematical, the members of the Federation would endeavour, in the first place, to practise among themselves the economic collaboration which is one of their conditions of existence. They would ensure a ready outlet for one another's products. They would harmonize their social legislation, endeavouring to be the first to apply the international conventions drawn up by the International Labour Office which the great states are sometimes so slow to ratify. As members of the League of Nations they would work closely together, endeavouring to appease conflicts, to propose solutions inspired solely by the spirit of equity and of international collaboration. Such a policy, according to M. Backlund, could not fail to have a favourable influence on the great nations and, to employ a liturgical expression, "to turn their hearts."

These are fine expectations, too fine even, for in his enthusiasm our guide seems to wander from the world of realities into the realms of chimeras. The federation he imagines is impossible for a long time to come. To unite for a common policy, and that not for a particular occasion, but regularly and permanently, Scandinavians and Dutchmen, Slavs from Czechoslovakia and haughty Spaniards, this appears to us a task beyond the powers of the most subtle diplomats. Discord would speedily break out in the camp of the Federates as soon as one passed from general declarations to practical policy.

There exists, however, already the embryo of a federation, more modest, it is true, than that conceived by M. Backlund, but which seems to be more capable of realization, one formed of the Scandinavian peoples: six million Swedes, three and a half million Danes, and as many Finns, three million Norwegians, to whom might be joined later on the five millions of the Baltic States when these latter have got over their nationalist fever. That makes a total of over twenty millions, quite a respectable

figure, especially as the geographical situation of these peoples along the sea coast increases their importance.

The desire of the Scandinavian peoples for closer union does not date from yesterday. Already during the war the sovereigns of the three countries held combined consultations on the difficulties of all sorts which assailed neutrals in those days. Since then they have drawn together still more and Finland is now included. The relationship between the races and languages of these peoples has created an atmosphere of mutual comprehension, and features in common, so marked that a foreigner who does not look below the surface will scarcely distinguish between Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians. It is therefore possible for them to fulfil M. Backlund's desire: a system of social legislation, not identical, but analogous.

From the political point of view the Scandinavian "entente" may be said to exist in fact, although no treaty has confirmed it. The Baltic States will still have to be brought in—a more difficult matter, for the divergencies of temperament are much more accentuated. As regards the other states mentioned by M. Backlund, rather than seek to bring about a union which is impracticable for the time being, once the Scandinavian or Nordic block is sure of itself, it will be sufficient for it to approach them whenever a definite political question requires to be settled. The Geneva meetings provide ample occasion for such negotiations. These states, quite especially Switzerland, Holland and perhaps Belgium, will generally be found willing to listen and to understand. If the relations become more intimate in the course of years, so much the better, but it is inadvisable to try to hasten the evolution.

If the small nations, conscious of their responsibilities and of the moral force that their union will confer upon them, take action in this sense, they will indeed have deserved well of humanity.

HORACE PLUNKETT'S RURAL PHILOSOPHY

BY SIR MALCOLM SETON

FOUR years ago Sir Horace Plunkett, in a letter to *The Times*, expressed an opinion on the position of agriculture in England, which it may be opportune to recall today.

"English farming as a whole [he wrote] need not fear comparison with that of other countries, but it is intensely individualistic—almost a one-man industry. The larger farmers, the natural leaders of the farming community, the dominant element in the politically most powerful agricultural organizations, resent all interference with their farming operations. Personally, I think they are right . . . but where I think they are wrong is in failing to realize that the more individualistic the industry is, the more essential it is that collective methods should be applied to the business side of farming. A large proportion of this is still contributed by individuals who in every transaction with organised industries are pitifully helpless . . ."

Since 1930 events have moved fast in the system of English agriculture. The economic world crisis, tariffs and quotas, and the general recognition of the extraordinary plight of primary producers throughout the world, have combined to make English farming the subject of national attention and Governmental experiment to a degree that few could have foreseen. But the English farmer does not seem very happy at the moment. He has never liked the idea of dictatorship, and while it is arguable that a body of producers, whose importance in the national fabric has rather suddenly come to be recognized, must pay for their failure to organize themselves by submitting to organization at the hands of the State, the new agricultural policy will fail in one of its chief objects if it does not secure to the producer an adequate return.

Whether, or how far, the accepted policy is in harmony with the principles laid down by a man of exceptional gifts who devoted a long and unselfish life to the reconstruction of rural society, has recently been discussed in an interesting little book*

* *England and Sir Horace Plunkett; an Essay in Agricultural Co-operation.* By Rupert Metcalf. With Introduction by Sir Daniel Hall. (Gerald Howe, 1933.)

by Mr. Rupert Metcalf, the late Assistant Secretary of the Horace Plunkett Foundation in London. On the particular question of the Milk Scheme, Mr. Metcalf was certainly correct in predicting a year ago, as regards its general lines, that Plunkett would not have been satisfied that "the farmer was either to be assured of a fair price or was taking his full share of responsibility." To him the doctrine of self-help was paramount, and his devotion to the cause of agricultural co-operation, due primarily to recognition of economic necessities, was mainly inspired by his belief in its regenerative effect upon country life, and its ultimate consequences to the body politic.

Horace Plunkett's career was identified with Ireland, but his interests were not limited to his own country. Though not a farmer, he had an unusually wide knowledge of agricultural problems. One of his most readable books was on *The Rural Life Problem of the United States* (1910), and it was to that country that he owed the greater part of the income that enabled him to spend his life in public affairs. For ill-health drove him to the Western States at the age of twenty-five, and ten years successful ranching provided him with the income that he devoted to the causes which he espoused. But Ireland claimed his service when he returned, a vigorous man of thirty-five, though he was always physically delicate.

The times were propitious for the launching of a new national movement. For the years of agrarian agitation had secured for Irish farmers fixity of tenure subject to rents fixed by the Land Commission, while the political developments consequent on the deposition of Parnell postponed any immediate prospect of Home Rule, and turned the attention of the younger generation to new interests. Plunkett was a Protestant free from sectarian feeling, and a Unionist because he believed that the Union was to the ultimate advantage of Ireland. And, being a younger son of the sixteenth Lord Dunsany, he was not himself an Irish landowner. His family was deeply rooted in Irish soil. The Plunketts, in the middle ages, seem to have taken little part in political affairs, but their descendant unearthed one interesting episode in their story which he mentioned at a meeting held to encourage touring facilities in Ireland, the complaint of an English traveller in the fifteenth century. Any stranger setting

out from Dublin, was likely to fall into the hands of the people of my Lord Fingall, who would rob him, and if he had aught left it would be taken by the people of my Lord Dunsany. "I had no idea", said Horace Plunkett, "that my ancestors had taken such a keen interest in Irish Tourist Development!"

The position in rural Ireland was widely different from anything to be found in Great Britain. In the first place, the agrarian question had dominated the political field and engendered bitter controversy for over a century, so that Irish politicians, though often of urban origin, were steeped in an atmosphere that was—and is still—almost unknown to the average English or Scottish Member of Parliament. Plunkett and his friends struck out a startlingly new departure when they began to urge on their fellow-countrymen that the development of Irish land was to the nation as a whole even more important than the possession of it. Farmers are seldom versed in economics, and in Ireland the ameliorative land legislation had, to uneducated countrymen who took short views, put a temporary monetary premium on bad farming, as sure to lead to the reduction of "judicial" rents. It was only the passing of Wyndham's Land Purchase Act—the result of a Land Conference of Irishmen—that destroyed this unhealthy process. The "magic of property" inspired the farmer with a desire to make the best of his farm. But, taught for generations to consider his landlord as his arch-enemy, he had regarded as necessary evils certain factors in Irish life that remained in full vigour when the landlord was eliminated. Rural indebtedness was the normal condition, and since the shopkeepers and money lenders of the small towns, ever since the Home Rule party had utilized agrarian discontent as the engine most likely to draw the cause of nationality to triumph, had been the political allies of the farmer, they had acquired a very firm grip on the countryside. In India times of scarcity have generally led to a crop of murderous assaults upon *banias*, but it is doubtful whether an Irish farmer ever shot a gombeen-man.

Plunkett's originality showed itself in his quick perception that agricultural co-operation provided the one means of saving the Irish farmer. Credit banks on the Raffeisen system could release him from indebtedness, while co-operative creameries

could enable him to get a fair price for his dairy produce. Further, he had a vivid belief in the moral effects of co-operation. Not only must a co-operative movement cut across the divisions of creeds and parties, but it would, he trusted, by bringing together a mass of isolated individuals in a common economic object, lay the foundations of a new and better rural society. His difficulties were great, for most of the vested interests in rural Ireland were against him. However, he succeeded in 1894, after five years' spade work, in founding the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, and next year persuaded influential Irishmen of widely divergent political views to meet in the "Recess Committee." This collected a mass of information on agricultural conditions and co-operative methods in the countries of Europe, and revealed to Ireland the amazing transformation that forty years of co-operative and educational effort had wrought in Denmark—a country less favoured by conditions of soil and climate. The sympathy of Mr. Gerald (now Lord) Balfour, Chief Secretary, led to legislation, and in 1899 a new Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, adequately endowed by the State, was brought into being, with Horace Plunkett as its first Vice-President. He resigned the Presidency of the I.A.O.S., to which, characteristically, he handed over his own ministerial salary, while procuring for it a State grant of £4,000 a year.

Nevertheless, though he chose to pursue his aims as a servant of the State, he always took a sceptical view of the results of State action if it passed beyond certain definite limits. It may possibly be paradoxical that a man who believed so intensely in co-operation must be reckoned an Individualist when the State appears on the scene, but Plunkett—who incidentally knew a great deal about the natural history of politicians—valued the principle of Self-Help, in the sense in which Self-Help does not entail disregard of one's neighbours, and found in voluntary association virtues which State control is likely to injure and compulsion from above to destroy. However, thirty years ago we had not all become Socialists, though Sir William Harcourt imagined that we had, and the troubles upon which the Irish co-operative movement soon entered were not due to political metaphysics. In 1892 Plunkett had been returned to Parliament

as Conservative Member for South Dublin County, and it was as a Member of Parliament that he held his new office. The Irish Nationalist Party, reunited before the latter event, naturally looked on the new Vice-President as a Parliamentary opponent. And the long struggle for political autonomy had engendered a feeling that any movement that tended to divert popular attention from the Nationalist movement was in effect anti-national. It was a short step to the assertion that it must be intentionally anti-national. The belief that co-operation was an attempt to draw a red herring across the path of Home Rule, genuinely held by many Irish politicians, exactly suited the book of less disinterested persons. Misunderstandings and misrepresentations combined to frustrate any efforts in which either Unionists or landlords joined to improve social or industrial conditions.

Plunkett enormously increased his own difficulties for the time being by publishing, while Vice-President of the Department, though no longer in Parliament, *Ireland in the New Century*, an admirable analysis of Irish conditions combined with an account of the new movement. The critic who "lays his finger on the spot and says 'Thou ailest here, and here'" is seldom popular, and the book, with occasional phrases (such as "lack of moral fibre") that lent themselves to denunciation, brought the majority of the Roman Catholic priesthood into active and sometimes violent opposition. Its main thesis, that whatever the political future of Ireland might be, the immediate necessity was rural reconstruction, was furiously assailed. Unfortunately the independent attitude of their Member on many questions had largely alienated the Unionists of South Dublin, and he had already lost his seat in 1900, and failed to secure one at Galway. The intention of the Act that established it had been that the Vice-President of the new Department should sit in Parliament, but it was not so set down, and for seven uncomfortable years Plunkett occupied a limbo between the status of a Minister and that of a permanent official. Many English Liberals were strong admirers of his work, and after the fall of the Balfour Government in 1906, Mr. Bryce, the new Chief Secretary, retained his services. But when he was succeeded by Mr. Birrell, the Nationalists secured Plunkett's resignation. His post was given to Mr. T. W. Russell,

who at once marshalled all the forces of his Department against the I.A.O.S., depriving it of its Parliamentary grant, and preventing it for several years from obtaining a subsidy from the Development Commissioners. Plunkett showed his attitude towards State control by refusing firmly to accept a grant coupled with a proviso that the Government should take charge of agricultural co-operation, and in 1913 the grant was made without this condition. But these years were full of disappointments. One of the provisions of the Act had established an Agricultural Council for all Ireland, containing representatives of the county councils, to work with the Department, and the Vice-President set special store upon this practical experiment in Home Rule. It was an interesting and instructive experience to attend a meeting of this body and observe the practical attitude of its members and their cordial relations with their Chairman. But it found no more difficulty in always saying ditto to Mr. Russell than did the Secretary of the Department, an ex-Parnellite M.P., whose appointment to the post had been one of the main causes of the alienation of Plunkett's constituents.

It is noticeable that men reluctant to accept wholeheartedly the tenets of a particular Party, who have, as Lord Milner once said of himself, "a Cross-Bench mind", often find themselves embarked, as Lord Milner became, in keen political controversy. Plunkett, in his book, likened his own position between the Unionist and Nationalist parties to that of a dog on a tennis-court—equally unwelcome to both sides. He cared little for consequences if he felt it his duty to express a strong opinion. "Why not let sleeping dogs lie?" once said a friend when deprecating his determination to state his views on a matter of controversy. "Certainly", he answered, "but I will not let lying dogs sleep!" It is often said that he disliked politics, which is certainly true in a sense, but intimate friends could not but observe in him a nostalgia for the House of Commons, which had given him many interesting days and valued friendships. Twenty-two years after he lost his seat at St. Stephen's he became one of the original members of the Senate of the Irish Free State, a position which he held for a year, and which caused, merely because he was a Senator, the burning by Irish Republicans of his house Kilteragh, the seat of constant hospitality and the

gathering-place of many notable guests from England, the Dominions, and the United States.

And so he sought a home in England when he was sixty-seven, bitterly unhappy over the chaos in Ireland and the frustration of so much good work and so many hopes. The Irish Convention under his chairmanship in 1917 had failed, and after the War he became a Dominion Home Ruler and started in Dublin a weekly paper, the *Irish Statesman*, to fight against the disruption of Ireland (for he never sympathised with the Ulster point of view) and the alienation of Southern Ireland from England. But it was too late. One of his disappointments was that, having made many friends among Irish-Americans, some of whom substantially helped the new journal, he found gradually that after the "Treaty" of 1922 most of them ceased to interest themselves in Irish affairs. Their hatred of England once satisfied by the establishment of the Free State, they seemed no longer to care whether Ireland prospered under the new regime. His last years were tormented by ill-health, and saddened by the death of friends—notably Lord Monteagle, his constant associate and helper. But his spirit remained indomitable. One of the earliest pioneers of motoring, and a keen horseman until a broken leg in the hunting field crippled him, he took up flying when well over seventy and got a pilot's certificate. He found it very good for insomnia, he said—raising appalling visions in the minds of friends who had seen him dozing over the wheel of a motor car, though indeed never colliding.

Three of his leading associates remain in Ireland, Father Finlay, S.J., Mr. R. A. Anderson, and Mr. George Russell, who had edited the *Irish Homestead* and its successor the *Irish Statesman*. And he formed a high opinion of Mr. Hogan, the Minister of Agriculture in Mr. Cosgrave's Cabinet. Indeed the matter in which there has been most continuity in Southern Ireland between the old and the new is agricultural co-operation. The Free State has adopted the system as part of its Government policy, and has gone so far as to buy out the proprietary creameries and place them in the hands of the farmers' organizations. In fact State control has gone further in Ireland than Plunkett liked. He did not live to see the amazing agricultural policy of Mr. De Valera.

State control, if intelligently conducted, should secure one of the three objects which Plunkett had at heart, better farming. Whether it will, from the farmer's standpoint, secure better business, is less certain. But the third, and most important, better living, is not a thing that can be fostered by Control Boards. Plunkett regarded the agriculturists as the most stable and, in certain national aspects, valuable elements in any country. He realized, of course, the inevitable preponderance of urban interests in Great Britain, but he deplored the rural exodus, and he forestalled our post-War efforts to improve the conditions of rural life by his scheme for the development in country districts of social amenities and mental interests. His "United Irishwomen"—a Society ruined by the War and its aftermath, hoped to bring together the wives of farmers and villagers on the same lines as those of the Women's Institutes of post-War England, and to mitigate the dullness of rural life. The antagonism between town and country was ever in Plunkett's mind, and he strove to reconcile them. He hoped that the new electorate in Great Britain might be induced to take an interest in the country, and some interesting letters that he sent to *The Times* were really the skeleton of a pamphlet that he hoped, but failed, to write. He delighted to shock serious friends by threatening to entitle this "The Farmer and the Flapper."

He had to recognise that English farmers are as a rule not attracted by Co-operation, the primary requisite of which is that a man cannot altogether "keep hisself to hisself". Contrary to accepted notions, the Irishman is a far more secretive being than the Englishman in most matters, but sees no reason for reticence about business affairs. But a perhaps typical English farmer, on hearing that a neighbour had talked freely about the price he had obtained for some of his stock, said sadly "He oughtn't to have told that to his own brother!" Compulsory co-operation, however, was distasteful to Plunkett, who had advised the Government of South Africa against it.

The English distributive co-operative societies, after the interest that some of their leaders showed in the introduction into Ireland of the doctrine of co-operation, had done little to help the agricultural movement. The Co-operative Wholesale Society was concerned to buy butter as cheaply as possible for

retailing to its members at a low price, and did not care whether its Irish butter was produced by co-operation or proprietary firms. And it is indeed difficult for an outsider to find much of the original spirit of co-operation in societies that exist to sell articles (not only to their members, but to the general public) at a price below that of the shopkeepers. It is, of course, true that co-operative producers equally aim at getting the highest market price for their products, but the incidental results of the co-operation of farmers in a country district should, as Plunkett hoped, include a recognition of common interests and a friendliness that can hardly be expected from a ring of "co-operative" stores in towns. Plunkett thought that farmers' societies would make a grave mistake in attempting to retail their produce, and the Irish Agricultural Wholesale Society was founded to sell the produce of the rural societies.

The antagonism of producers and distributors is not mitigated by the enrolment of the latter in co-operating trading societies, and one of the most interesting features of Mr. Metcalf's little book is his discussion of the possibilities of a better way. He realises that the countryman whom townsfolk are inclined to deride is in many ways the better man, being, in fact, a craftsman with wide, practical skill and knowledge, whereas the town workman has become a very narrow specialist, but not an expert. The unorganized farmer is, as he points out, the only producer and seller who has no power to fix prices, since so much of his produce is perishable, and the middleman generally takes care that the low price paid for farm produce shall not benefit the consumer. Mr. Metcalf has visions of factory farms as a possible solution of the problem, and his thesis at least deserves study. His leitmotiv, the permanent value of Plunkett's ideas under radically changed conditions, should commend it to all who care for the countryside and to all who are interested in the life-work of a true patriot and fearless thinker.

NON-BRITISH ELEMENTS IN CANADA

BY GEORGE GODWIN

DURING the past month Canada has been celebrating on the grand scale the passage of the four centuries that have passed since the Breton navigator, Jacques Cartier, sailed with his two ten-ton ships into the Gulf of St. Lawrence on that saint's day and there, on the empty shore, set up the cross of Christ and the fleur-de-lys of King Francis the First of France.

Those for whom symbols are significant may well see in this piece of pious and patriotic ritual the prevision of the explorer, for religious and national conflicts were to become, through the centuries, the dominant factors in the shaping of the new land's destiny, and, indeed, remain as such to this day. It is a conceit, however, that collapses in the face of historical fact, since Cartier was not the first of the European navigators to look upon the continental shore ; the names of Corte Real, Gomez, and Verrazano, not to mention that of Cabot himself, take precedence of Cartier's in time ; while the old map-makers, Gaspar Begas, Salvat de Pilestrina and Pedro Reineta had already sent their high-beaked ships among the slow processions of the icebergs before the Breton sailor had so much as left his native St. Malo.

Cartier's importance in the genesis of a nation may very easily be over-estimated. He crossed the Atlantic, as did most seamen of his age, and the ages that followed after, in search of that fabled North-West Passage that was the *idée fixe* of all navigators. And, like Columbus, he misread geographical facts before his eyes, seeing in the immense waterways of the new land a potential passage to the Far East. It does not appear to have occurred to him that here was a new jewel for the crown of France. Thus, when he sailed home, carrying the two young Iroquoians, it was to argue the possibilities of the Passage rather than to report the acquisition of a New France.

That the New France emerged was due to Champlain, who sailed with missionaries to convert the Red Man to Catholicism, and thus founded the French Empire in the West.

It was appropriate, therefore, that La Société Champlain, composed, as it is, of descendants of those French nobles who have played a large part in the history of Canada, should last month have taken a prominent part in the celebrations.

Throughout her history, Canada has been faced by two problems: the one religious, the other geographical. That she has solved the first is due to that political sense which has gained for the British character a reputation for a tolerant wisdom in such matters. That she has never solved the second is due, perhaps, to the insoluble character of it.

Yet, though the French character has been preserved, with its religion, Civil law, language and racial integrity, Quebec remains at heart antipathetic to the English-speaking and Protestant Canada that has grown up with the westward expansion. Quebec enjoys complete freedom by virtue of the Quebec Act, but the duality of the Dominion, French-speaking and English-speaking, is a reality: there is political marriage, but it is a marriage of convenience and no more.

To-day, the chief factor influencing the future of Canada, so far as resolution of racial types is concerned, is the rapid increase in the numbers in Quebec and the homogeneity of the type. French Canada has one of the highest birth rates among the white peoples of the world. On the other hand, the population of English-speaking Canada is stationary, and the steady process of fusion is proceeding on the same lines as in the United States, though at a slower rate.

Population pressure in Quebec might suggest colonization beyond the western bounds of the province. But there is no such population movement. The life of the *habitant* has no appeal to the younger generation, whether in his native province or in the great wheat belt beyond it. In 1911, 51.80 per cent. of the Province's population was rural; in 1931 it had fallen to 36.90. Moreover, it is still remembered that not so long ago the French-Canadian was the "outcast of confederation," that his pioneers were too often belittled as the "half-breed members of a priest-ridden population." There is, therefore, no remote possibility

of French predominance in the Canada of to-morrow. And the grounds upon which this view are based link up with the geographical factor of the situation.

The surplus population of Quebec is drifting, not West, but South, and in ever-increasing numbers. And the claim is frequently made that in New England there is more toleration than in Ontario. To-day, there are some 620,000 French Canadians in New England, and such towns as Haversville, Worcester, Lowell and New Bradford are authentic offshoots of Old Quebec. This tendency to drift out of the Dominion is regrettable, for the French contribution to the greatness of Canada cannot be easily over-estimated. Since the earliest days the French have played a vital part in the growth of the country, and in Canadian history one finds a great number of the great names to be those of Frenchmen. They were the first adventurers in the land, soldiers and traders (among whom it is necessary to mention but such names as those of La Salle, Radisson and des Grosvilliers, the *couriers de bois*) to people those first glamorous chapters. These men steered a course by the star of a mighty dream, thrusting westwards into the unknown, and for the acquisition of the fur trade they contended with the factors of the Hudson's Bay Company in the days when its charter was new.

West of the old province the racial problem is not acute. There is that process of fusion which can be seen so clearly in the United States, but it proceeds more slowly and in the face of greater prejudices. It is the paradox of Canadian sentiment that she welcomes least heartily the very type of citizen best adapted to settle on her empty lands. The Ukrainian peasant, for example, is regarded as a racial inferior; yet, with fifteen centuries of pastoral life in his blood he is the ideal type for settlement on the remoter lands. In a country where, admittedly, the ideal population distribution is 80 per cent. rural and 20 per cent. urban, the newcomer who seeks land is none too warmly welcomed unless he be of British stock. That the European peasant does go on to the marginal lands is evidenced by the statistics, some 54.32 being thus employed against 34.70 per cent. of the British population.

The case of the Doukhobor in this connection well illustrates

the general attitude of the native Canadian and British newcomer to the peoples of eastern Europe. The Doukhobors, a primitive Christian sect, are, admittedly, virtuous, industrious and inoffensive. That is the fundamental fact about them. Wherever they have settled they have turned wilderness into flowering gardens. But the Doukhobor has demanded the right to organize his community life on his own lines and, these being by British standards eccentric, conflicts between the settlements and authority have been and will continue to be numerous. Yet these hardy and simple people possess every quality that should recommend them to longsighted statesmanship: they are hard-working, they have a simple standard of living, they can endure poverty, cold, and hunger.

Speaking of these people, Mr. Petersen, a Canadian of distinction and a Dane by birth, says: "It is highly significant that these are practically the only class of people who have stayed with the job and succeeded in our drier prairie districts and on our bushlands. If we conclude that we can afford to do without them, well and good, so long as we fully realize the cost."

The drift of native-born Canadians from Quebec into the United States is one not confined to the younger generation of that province: there is a general southward drift. There are domiciled in the United States some 1,300,000 native-born Canadians, according to American figures, Canada providing only statistics of those who drift back again—some 29,411 in 1932. Mostly they are settled in such cities as Boston, Chicago, Buffalo, Los Angeles and in New England. This is a tendency about which Canadian feeling is somewhat sensitive, nor is its magnitude denied; yet to ignore this movement is not to halt it. Canadians go to the United States, it is said, because there, in a country of 131,000,000 population, there are, normally, greater opportunities than can be found in one of a mere ten million.

If one looks at a map of the North American continent it is apparent that the logical course of her expansion and development should have proceeded along lines of communication following roughly the lines of longitude. This plain fact had to be ignored, however, since Canada, for purposes of development, was under the necessity of ignoring her geographical relationship with the southern half of the continent. Thus the great transport systems

of the American continent, regarded as a whole, present an illogical picture and, in practice, involve waste and inconvenience, and ignore the geographical and economic factors. In a word, as an imperial unit, Canada had to drive her outposts against the hard logic of geographical fact ; thus, when development should have linked eastern Canada to the south, it was pushed towards the empty west. Setting aside political considerations, it cannot be denied that Canada represents a geographical divorce, and it is one that has impeded her progress and must continue to do so. Those who thus banded the Dominion with steel foresaw an influx of population that did not materialize. To-day, the Canadian transport systems, among the finest in the world, require a population of at least thirty millions to become economic. Without that population, financial difficulties were inevitable, and thus it is not surprising to find debt and interest charges running into \$800,000,000 as the result of the building and operation of the Canadian National Railways.

Political separation has not availed to prevent the steady process of Americanisation of Canada. This was inevitable. American influences on Canadian life, language, manners and social customs are everywhere apparent—as they are becoming apparent, thanks to the cinema, in England. And along with this process has gone another perhaps more impressive : the invasion of American capital and, with it, control of industry. Here the figures are somewhat startling. Already nearly one-half of the stocks and bonds of Canadian enterprises are in American hands. Mines, forests, mills, wholesale houses, all are honey-combed by American money and American direction. In the great wood-pulp industry seventy-five per cent. of the holdings are American, and much the same condition prevails in the meat-packing, refined petroleum, condensed milk and other industries, a grand total of American capital in the Dominion of \$4,107,803,000.

Indeed, it is not easy to discover the full extent of American control of Canadian enterprises, since many firms operating on Canadian soil are the offspring of American parent companies. Operating in Canada, these concerns enjoy such trade arrangements as exist at any time between the Dominion and the Mother Country.

Yet despite so many influences making for the absorption of Canada into the American pattern, there remain others that mark her off from her neighbour no less clearly. Perhaps the thing that must most strike the traveller who crosses the international boundary on to British soil is the sense of security conferred. Canada is a country of law and order, a country of people, outside Quebec, chiefly in the Nonconformist tradition, prone, it is true, to be parochially minded, but possessing that respect for personal liberty that is everywhere the distinguishing mark of British rule ; a people virile and resourceful, with a strong sense of nationalism; her judges as incorruptible, her courts modelled upon our own, her police second to none in the world. These are fundamentally important things, and they provide a dramatic contrast to the traveller who enters Canada from the United States.

If one views the Dominion as, fundamentally, an agricultural country, then it follows that one must seek for the solution of her economic difficulties—not those of the abnormal present, but in times of normality—in the development of her empty lands. Here two problems present themselves for solution. The first concerns location, the second price. Agricultural lands in Canada along the railway belt are highly priced, though the present world depression has brought the fabulous prices of the past nearer to reason. Thus, the settler in the past found himself faced by the problem of seeking land within his means. Land near transport—and how vital transport is to the farmer!—was beyond his means. Even lands distant from the railway were priced so high as to be obviously uneconomical. He therefore, as often as not, pre-empted—that is to say, took up the usual quarter section far from civilization, transport and roads.

There have been hardy men who have battled with conditions and won through ; but many more have found the odds too long and have left the land to seek work in the cities. This drift from rural to urban life is proceeding from coast to coast. For example, in agricultural Ontario, in 1911, 47.43 per cent. of the people were on the land; in 1931 the figure had fallen to 38.92. Like falls are shown in the other prairie provinces.

The basic need, then, is for cheap agricultural land near railway transport. And this is a problem that can be solved only by those landowning companies that have, in the past, stood out

for high prices and, by so doing, have retarded land development.

What is true of the prairie lands is also true of farmlands in British Columbia. Here the settler has to face the forest and to conquer it. The very clearing of his land is a gigantic task. Yet, not only has he had that to face, but also a price that foredoomed his enterprise from the start. The present writer has seen land beside the Fraser River priced, even before the costly process of clearing, higher than most Sussex farmlands. The artificially high cost of land, the result of the periodic land booms when properties frequently changed hands several times within a few hours, has saddled the genuine buyer for occupancy with a load of debt beneath which he has too often sunk a disappointed and embittered man.

Given cheap land, near cheap transport, Canada still offers to the settler with a moderate capital opportunities of an attractive kind, for the life is free, and if there is much hard work, it remains true that deep down in the blood of most men there is that land hunger whose appeasement spells happiness and a sense of self-fulfilment. For—and this is rather often overlooked—the man who turns to the soil and succeeds emancipates himself largely from the chances of world economic conditions. And there are vast tracks of land in the Dominion where a man can become, if not entirely, almost self-supporting.

It may be considered that the way to Canadian prosperity here diffidently advanced suggests a nation of peasant proprietors, rather than an advancing industrial country. It does. In the end the greater Dominion may find in the simple way of life of the old *habitant* of Quebec the solution of her economic and financial difficulties ; it is even possible that she may learn from the humble Doukhobor, from the "man in the sheepskin coat with the big, broad wife," to use the words of Sir Clifford Sifton, and that, whether this man hail from Kent or the Ukraine, he is of more value to Canada than any other element in the population.

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST IN AFRICA

BY FRANK MELLAND

“WHAT has anthropology to do with us ? ” is a question that many may ask in connexion with the International Congress that will be sitting in London when this article appears. Before attempting the answer I would couple with it another question : one recently put by a Central African settler, of the rapidly increasing type that takes an intelligent interest in the welfare and future of the natives, and it was put in that stronghold of the modern school of anthropology, the London School of Economics. He asked the assembled professors and students “ What are you trying to do ? ” I understand that the audience was somewhat surprised, but I was not present and I have not inquired into the matter, because second-hand versions of other people’s views have little value, and I prefer to attempt an original answer, even if it does not carry the weight of some of the better known authorities.

Let us look into the first question. Many people in England last year read an anthropological book about themselves without being aware of the fact. Miss Winifred Holtby’s brilliant satire, *The Amazing Island*, is an excellent example of modern anthropology, though I would only place it in the hands of advanced students from, let us say, Africa, and then only if they were armed with a concordance. An earlier satirist, Daniel Defoe, wrote for us a delightful anthropological poem about ourselves in 1717 called “ The True Born Englishman ” : from which two lines may be taken for the clarity of their definition of the subject :

The customs, surnames, languages and manners
Of all the nations are their own explainers.

This will show, I hope, that this science with an austere name is not really terrifying and that it does concern us.

And what are anthropologists trying to do ? Primitive races are no longer studied for academic reasons, or as museum pieces, but with the desire to acquire knowledge of their past and of their present so that we can be of some assistance in their future. That is the side of anthropology that I am here discussing, but it should be made clear that this is only one branch of a many-sided science. For instance, there is the archæological side of it, dealing with early man ; the anatomical and physical side, the physiological. Also there are branches dealing with technology, arts, and sciences, with language and writing. With none of these is it proposed to deal in this article, important as they are, and although they have their bearing on real life.

Ethnography, sociology and religions briefly sum up the side with which I propose to deal. They form a branch of the science which Professor Malinowski, one of the greatest authorities, has called the anthropology of the changing native. Because we, as a nation, have made ourselves responsible for millions of native races of other continents and other creeds, and because it is largely we who are also responsible for their changing, this side of anthropology is very much our concern. It is a popular fallacy, though not so common as it was, that this change is due to commercially minded exploiters, to the "selfish Imperialists" of the Victorian age. They have had their share in the change, whether engaged in mining, railway building, or opening up estates ; but the two most revolutionary changes introduced into places like the interior of Africa have been Christianity and Western government. Education—in its more narrow sense—is a good third. These are the genii that we have allowed to escape from the gourd, and which we can never bottle up again. It does behove us, therefore, to try to divert their activities into paths that will lead to something better, and not to disaster. Unless we use every means at our disposal to achieve this end, disaster will come, and the fault will be ours.

There is a *cliché* which raises a groan among students of African affairs whenever they hear it : "We do not aim at turning out imitation Europeans, but at making better Africans." For all its triteness, this has reason on its side, but it is valueless unless we realise its implications, the chief of which is that we must first learn what it is we are trying to improve. This is where

so many ardent reformers fail, wasting time, money, and energy and, still worse, defeating the very object they have in view. No one can build without a plan, nor without some knowledge of the materials to be used, nor can one make a road, a good road, without a survey and a knowledge of topographical conditions. This is where the anthropologist comes in; it is he who can provide that knowledge. Two classes of severe critics of anthropologists are to be found: those who are trying, blindfold, to help the African, and some Africans themselves, especially educated Africans. This opposition is due to a failure to understand, which is partly due to the early work of anthropologists. It is worth making an appeal that the present generation should not be condemned for the essays of their forerunners, who did carry on rather as busybodies, with no apparent or articulate aim beyond that of classifying weird customs, arts, or implements. We do not judge modern surgeons and physicians by their precursors, whose methods even two hundred years ago were not far removed from those of the witch-doctor. And even to-day anthropologists may appear to the uninitiated to be busying themselves with undue energy about something not visible to those outside.

In what follows I shall confine myself to African examples; not because Africa is the only area that has an important bearing on this subject, but because it is the only one of which I have a personal working knowledge. Most people know that over a large part of our African colonies we have recently changed from direct rule to indirect rule: that is, instead of District Officers themselves controlling, governing, taxing, and administering justice, these powers have, in varying degrees, been handed over to native chiefs and councils, with the D.O. in an advisory capacity. When we exercised direct rule it was obvious that a knowledge of the ruled should have been an essential, but it was then that it was most completely lacking, and all of us who started without that knowledge made the most appalling mistakes. It is wonderful that we were able to carry on. My own idea is that this was due to a combination of circumstances. We were then much less tied down by forms and regulations, so that we could feel our way, and work by intuition; the natives were, largely, accustomed to obey unquestioningly; they are philosophical, and

they did not expect us to stay—we were looked upon as a passing nuisance, for although individual white men were then, as they are now, very much liked, as a race we were never welcomed. Time passed, the value of anthropology became obvious, some of us acquired the elements of it early, and now a grounding in it is compulsory before the embryo D.O. starts on his career. It is reasonable to ask if, now, under a system of indirect rule it is of paramount importance.

To answer this it is necessary to explain that the establishment of indirect rule was every whit as autocratic as our original assumption of direct rule. It is we who have decided how the African shall be governed, and as our ideas have changed, so has governance, just as we have decided what laws he shall obey, to what parts of his religion and customs he may adhere, what he shall or shall not learn. We need not flatter ourselves that we shall always be able to maintain this control of direction, but so far we have done, and indirect rule is not in origin a democratic growth, but an autocratic decree. We are now indeed beginning to realise that in our haste to put the new idea into practice, we made, through ignorance, many mistakes which are endangering the success of a plan which seems inherently sound enough, and are making enemies where we look for friends. Our motives are being impugned, our high ideals looked upon with suspicion. We find we have grouped natives wrongly, made the wrong men chiefs, put the wrong men on councils, given judicial power to those not qualified, misunderstood, and therefore legislated faultily for, some of the most basic customs and beliefs. To make this clear to the layman, let me give an example of each of these last two errors. The miscalled bride-price, or dowry, which was of the nature of an insurance, we have tended by our blundering legislation to turn into an actual barter, which (when it did not exist) was the idea that horrified us. We have shown confusion between native religions, the pivot of social life, and witchcraft, which is essentially anti-social; and as regards the latter we have made confusion worse confounded by waging war on the wrong section of those mixed up with it. Like blunders can be quoted in other spheres.

Coupled with these errors is the accepted fact that Africa is waking up. Close on twenty years ago I wrote an article on

"Growing Pains in East Africa". Now we have to face the deeper trials of young adolescence. Quite a percentage of Africans receive some kind of education in schools, but all are being educated in the broader sense by their contact with us, while a small minority come over here for higher education. These few will ultimately exercise a big influence on Africa's future (and at present they are not particularly friendly to us, and definitely hostile to indirect rule, which they consider a Machiavellian design to keep the African in his place, and also to anthropology, which they have yet to learn is their, and our, potential saviour). All this tends to make criticism of our blunders more articulate, more influential on the masses, than anything which existed in the early days of our amateur patriarchal direct rule. The whole position is infinitely more complex. We well-meaning amateurs, given some genius for governing and blessed by much good luck, managed to muddle through. Now there is an absolute need for sound and far-reaching knowledge of the whole make-up of these races. Then such knowledge would have saved us from mistakes; now it is needed to save us and—what matters infinitely more—to save Africa from disaster.

It is an excellent sign that the realization of this is not now confined to the administrative sections of government. Educationists, medical men, agriculturists, and, above all, missionaries have grasped the new idea. Within memory a missionary anthropologist seemed a contradiction in terms, but Henri Junod and a few others showed the falsity of this view, and this year for the first time a missionary, the Rev. Edwin W. Smith, has been elected President of the Royal Anthropological Institute, in recognition of his work, and as an appreciation of the example he has set.* In June this year, at an inter-denominational missionary conference in Northern Rhodesia, a resolution has been passed that in future all missionaries should go through an intensive course in anthropology before they go out for the first time. This is a big step forward, and should help enormously in what, being old fashioned, I still call our Imperial task, which

* Since writing this, Mr. Smith has delivered his presidential address on "Anthropology and the Practical Man." His mind has obviously been working on the same lines as mine, but his treatment is different and he speaks with greater authority. The address will be published in full by the Royal Anthropological Institute, and I am sure that all who read this article will find it interesting and very helpful.

though self imposed—and for a variety of reasons !—is one from which we cannot now in honour back out.

I have described this decision as a big step forward because the old idea was that the “pagan” religions of Africa must be uprooted and the new message of Christianity given to the natives in their place, whereas now it is being grasped that this is not the way. While there are many parts of native religious custom and procedure which are incompatible with Christianity, yet there is much more in the essentials of those religions which, once they are understood, form a fine stock on which to graft our religion. The early Christian missionaries in Britain, and elsewhere, adapted and used many of our old pagan customs, which—to put it mildly—provided no more suitable stock. For instance, Christ told us that there are two great commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets. The Bantu races of Africa have the second of these commandments highly developed, in that service to the community is their guiding principle ; so that all that is needed is to develop that idea, and to add to it the first commandment, teaching them the love of God, and duty to God, plus the knowledge of Christ. Even in this there is a groundwork ready, because they believe in an invisible creator, and have an ardent faith in after-life. Theirs may be an incomplete and unsatisfying religion, but, as far as it goes, it is sound enough, and excellent ground on which to work, provided that the mistake is not made of baldly condemning what to them is sacred, and so antagonizing them. It is in some such way as this that we can avoid giving them a white man’s religion and a white God, just as we are trying, somewhat impetuously, to help them develop an autochthonous rule rather than imposing on them for ever the white man’s government. Some day, perhaps, we shall do the same with the law.

An understanding of such points as these can help in many ways. For instance, at last year’s conference of the British Medical Association in Dar-es-Salaam, a paper was read with reference to the difficulty of training natives for medical work because they lacked the ideal of service which generations of association has ingrained in the pupils at our medical schools. Anthropology can teach the doctors that this ideal is not lacking : it is as ingrained in them as in any of us, but its

aspect is somewhat different, so that they have not recognized it.

There are many major problems in Africa: tsetse fly, soil erosion, and, connected with both, over-stocking of cattle. There is animal husbandry as opposed to mere ownership, peasant holdings as against shifting villages, and other like difficulties which can only be solved by the aid of anthropological research. One soon realizes that religion pervades the native's life—it is never a thing apart—which is why it is so dangerous to uproot it to make room for an exotic faith, however perfect. But knowledge of a greater truth comes more slowly, and that is that this pervasion of the African's life by religion is so complete that everything is bound up with it: cattle and crops, arts and industries, warfare and marriage, so that no would-be reformer in Africa can hope to be effectual unless he understands the ramifications of what he is trying to reform, and the first step is to learn the inter-dependence of everything, big and small, in the social fabric of the African. The town-bred man or woman from industrial England is particularly handicapped by his upbringing and divorce from the soil for such a task—some of the most successful missionaries come from the prairies of America—wherefore it is the more essential for them to give this matter serious study.

I write as an amateur anthropologist, a field worker who has groped his way and tried to learn before it was too late, but no one can "pick up" a science like this, and the ordinary official or missionary has not the time for more than an elementary grounding, plus observation, application and adaptation. It is here that the whole-time anthropologists come in, and the work that they are doing is of incalculable benefit to mankind. They are not dangerous, or even futile, busybodies; anthropology is a help and not a danger. From Frazer, down through Haddon, Seligman, Malinowski, Marrett and others to the keen young men and women now carrying the torch, these are they who are providing the knowledge which will give other workers an adequate background on which they can fill in the detail. Moreover, these new anthropologists are not content to study the past. That is still of importance, because without knowledge of the past we cannot understand the present nor help in the future. Who could understand England and her present troubles without

knowledge of her past—political, religious, sociological and economic? With their training and technique these professional anthropologists are able to help us understand the changing, or emerging, African; they are studying closely the effects of our contact on him, and all the reactions of these puzzled races to a new world.

The suspicion of anthropology is dying slowly. In African government headquarters it is still viewed somewhat sceptically, and at times with tolerant amusement, but active opposition is dying, and a true appreciation of its value is in sight. Despite the anthropological courses now given to cadets for the service, such appreciation is less noticeable where it is most needed, where rests the ultimate responsibility for all that we do, and that is at home. The value of anthropology for a race that has undertaken such a vast responsibility over primitive and alien races needs to be grasped fully and unequivocally in Whitehall, and at Westminster, yes, and even by the electorate.

The Congress now sitting is the first full-dress international anthropological congress to be held. It is to be hoped that, backed by public understanding, its deliberations will help towards an appreciation of the fact that this science has become essential for the solution of the problems of real life, and is the indispensable ally of all other workers: it deals with the application of every other science to the life of living races, and forms the connecting link between seemingly disconnected avenues of research. It aims at accomplishing nothing by itself, does not put itself forward as providing any panacea, does not arrogate to itself the right to lay down policies or to dictate methods of progress. These are the concern of governments, educationists, economists, missionaries. Anthropology can, however, supply to all these something that they need, something they cannot be expected to find for themselves, but which is essential for their work. They, and many others besides—settlers, miners, traders—are all dealing with living folk in some way or other, and the life of these folk is what anthropologists are working to reveal to them.

Every European in Africa is setting in motion forces the effect of which is as yet only dimly realized. So as not to ask for too many bare assertions to be taken on trust, I would give one or two

examples. The reclamation of land from tsetse fly (wholly admirable work) increases the danger of soil erosion, a most alarmingly pressing danger, carrying famine in its wake, and it looks as if the solvent link between the two may well prove to be the anthropologist. The introduction of Christianity has, in parts, actually weakened the marriage tie, and tended to break down the structure of the home. Education is sapping the whole social structure. The cultivation of economic crops, providing the native with the means of earning money at home, is proving in some ways even more disruptive than absence from home of wage-earners, both these examples being linked with the entirely foreign idea of money—which we introduced. Gaols, another of our innovations, are bringing their own sociological problems, and so on, through a long list. In all these directions those concerned come up against difficulties that bewilder them, obstacles that impede them, because they lack understanding. Anthropologists do not understand everything, they are under no delusions as to that, but they have learned much, and are learning every day, and are putting their knowledge at the disposal of the various executives.

Africa is moving infinitely more rapidly than any part of the world has ever done before, and from a terribly backward start. Our impact with India, the emergence of Japan, the rise of the United States, were sluggish in comparison. We need to use every ally we can to keep pace with this hectic rush, or Africa will beat us, and its state will then be a thousandfold worse than if we had never intervened. There is no ally that can take the place of anthropology, the handmaid of everyone working for Africa, and, above all, the handmaid of the Africans themselves.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

HERR VON PAPEN has considerable claims to be regarded as the bravest man in Germany. He is, it is true, Vice-Chancellor, and as such might be presumed to possess some right of expressing an opinion ; yet the European world was surprised when in a public speech he recommended that some degree of humanity should be shown to those who were not Nazis.

Von Papen's Courage

As to the inner world of Germany, we cannot easily know whether the surprise for it was welcome or shocking. Neither can we do more than guess whether this first open symptom of dissatisfaction had any relation to the violent events which followed a few days later. What we do know (if reports are to be trusted) is that Herr von Papen once more has had the courage to utter an unofficial sentiment. There is said to have been a plot. He went to the President and asked for some evidence that a plot existed. The public at large (again if reports are trustworthy) accepted the executions as proof sufficient of treason, and cried "Heil ! Hitler " with more enthusiasm than ever. But Herr von Papen, unlike the crowd, wanted to know why certain persons who were his friends, whom apparently he regarded as men of honour, had been shot like dogs without form of trial. It seems a modest request ; but doubtless he took his life in his hand when he made it—a life indeed that was already not too secure. Probably any gentleman in any normal European country would have done as much, and been expected by every gentleman to do it. But in the Germany of to-day the action was singular and honourable. The measure of respect which Herr von Papen inspires is the measure—by contrast—of the feelings which civilized Europe entertains towards Germany at large.

Whom else in Germany can civilization respect? Herr von Papen—if the action attributed to him really occurred; if he, Vice-Chancellor, second officer of the State, **Gangsters' Justice** went to the State's Head, demanding what presumably was withheld by the State's first officer—evidently counted on finding in the old Field-Marshal the ordinary principles of conduct, the rudiments of common fair play. And yet—one has to keep on repeating this proviso—if the official German press can be trusted, Hindenburg sent to the *Führer* a message of grateful congratulations on his brilliantly energetic stroke. There must surely be Germans who in that message saw with bitter resentment the prostitution of a great character. For the message attributed to the President was in essence such a one as Al Capone might have dictated; and, indeed, perhaps that American hero has in his time sent or received similar congratulations when one gang successfully shot up another. But we had learnt to regard Hindenburg as embodying all that was most respectable in the soldierly German tradition. Can one conceive of Wellington applauding such a display of gangsters' justice? Indeed, the American killings are less revolting because they are more intelligible. Nearly a fortnight after the bloody business started, no one yet know the complete list, nor can class into reasonable categories the victims that are known. Unless, indeed, it comes down to this, that Hitler determined to make away with every man who could challenge his personal ascendancy, no matter from what quarter; and to do this he had inevitably to sweep out some close associates. But, also in order to carry his purpose, he must have taken to himself some variants of Röhm and Heines; and these gentry will have had their own scores to wipe at.

It is not a party stroke, for the good reason that there are now no parties in Germany. That country enjoys the full blessings of personal rule. Hitler has chastised the Hitler organization, lest it should get out of his hand. But such proceedings can never be carried out by an individual; there must always be a camarilla, a gang; and the gang will always tend to keep changing. If a personal ruler does not feel strong enough to dismiss or degrade, there is only one thing for it: he must kill or be killed.

As French critics are summing up the matter, Hindenburg is marked for disappearance, in a whirl of intrigues as to who shall be the new figurehead ; but of the active men, there remain von Papen, representing the unorganized elements of honourable militant German tradition ; Göring, who appears to have control of the police and in general of all the striking forces ; Goebbels, who, as the organizer of frenzied nationalism, has always gone a step further than his leader ; and, at the centre, Hitler himself. So stated, it looks as if Göring's position might give him at any chosen moment effective control, unless Hitler retains to the full his magnetic influence over the crowd. It is a question whether he may not find himself in danger of being outbid by Goebbels in popular appeal ; and whether he can afford to tolerate that menace. For necessarily a great shock must have been given to the personal devotion of the whole Brown Shirt organization. They are assured, indeed, that no one questioned the loyalty of the rank and file ; that the disaffection was limited to a few unworthy chiefs ; but will they accept these assurances when the brown shirt becomes in some degree proscribed ? It is as if a Messiah had suddenly been obliged to tell his followers that they must not practise the rites of the religion with which he had mystically imbued them. Certainly the Germans obey orders with extraordinary submissiveness ; but it is hard to believe that even Germans can settle down into tranquil acceptance of this surprising new presentation of leadership.

So far as France is concerned the effect of all this on the average man is some degree of relief. These people cannot, he thinks, very well attack anybody else while they are so busy slaughtering each other. More calculating minds reflect that a ruler who feels his position challenged within will often seek to restore unity by picking new quarrels with some old enemy ; and it is worth remembering that, according to a vivid account of an eye-witness of the events of that bloody night at Munich, the word had been passed round among the Brown Shirts that Hitler was betraying the country to France. This report, said to be the journal of one of the black-shirted S.S. who carried out the arrests and killings, does not represent the *Führer* as having played a decisive part on his arrival. What was done

was done by other men, and though he arrived dramatically, he does not seem to have asserted his personality with the usual histrionic touch.

There is certainly no probability that France will feel justified in lessening any of her precautions. But her Government may have rather more freedom to attend to its internal affairs ; to set its house in order, as is expected of it. A leading paper in Brittany (where I write this) has very little to say about the general situation, but puts it bluntly that Parliament, accused of incapacity to manage the nation's affairs in this crisis, has abdicated, and has now risen for a long recess ; the Government has three months in which to use what are virtually full powers entrusted to it. This may be taken as fairly representative of average opinion : but it is reinforced by the very remarkable action of French ex-service men, who for once have contrived to bring their dissident organizations into united action. The ex-service men, whether they be pacifists, as one group is, or militant Croix de Feu, have behaved like intelligent citizens, disgusted by the incompetence and corruption which have beset the parliamentary life of the nation for which they fought ; they have spoken with one voice, and they have been answered with promises that concern, not their sectional interest, but the interest of France and its civilization.

All this seems to be a confirmation of the view held by close and able observers that the Stavisky scandals and even the Paris riots had strengthened France, not weakened her, by determining the most virile elements in her people to assert themselves in defence of the national honour and national welfare. England, it is to be hoped, will note the corporate action of those who knew what war was—(action so unlike the march on Washington of Americans clamouring for some scores of millions of bonus.) It is also much to be desired that M. Doumergue may begin to create on our own side of the Channel something of the respect which he enjoys in France ; and that is the more possible because any reform likely to be attempted is almost certain to mean the introduction of well recognized English principles into French constitutional practice.

Unfortunately, however, the reactions of the ordinary Englishman will be to keep clear of all continental associations. The Stavisky revelations filled him with contempt; Germany, first by its persecutions, and now by its mediæval butchery of candidates for power, disgusts him. But still Germany has, with timely prudence, given a preference to England in the choice which debts she shall continue to pay. France is in no position to oblige England commercially or financially; and moreover she stands constantly in the way of England's aspiration after disarmament, unless on condition of mutual guarantees. Mr. Eden has repeated the English answer, that Locarno is commitment enough. So it is, if the agreement is interpreted as Sir Austen Chamberlain undoubtedly meant it; but as has been pointed out since, the loopholes for evasion of the obligation are wide, and much more has been heard in England by way of dissuasion from acting upon this covenant, than in assertion of a will to make it good. Frankly, more could be done for the peace of Europe by a definite declaration that England will use her power unsparingly to repel any act of aggression anywhere along the western frontiers of Germany, than by any conceivable measures of disarmament. It is a danger to Europe that no one really knows the mind of England—no doubt for Metternich's reason, that England does not know it herself.

And yet surely there are matters at stake to which England cannot be indifferent: spiritual values. As *The Times* pointed out in a remarkable leading article, Europe has to deal at its centre with a State whose Government adopts and justifies methods practised by Abdul Hamid in the old days of Turkey. That State is in some ways, technically and materially, the most advanced in civilization; and it presents Europe with a pious justification of its proceedings by saying that if revolt had broken out more men would have been killed. Now the answer to that hypocrisy is simple. Even admitting that there was a danger of keeping these men prisoners for a few days—though we have no evidence whatever of any such danger—yet there are risks that a State must take. It is more important to observe the principle that no man must be put to death without fair trial than to save the lives of men who might have died

in consequence of going into rebellion or even of the State's soldiers who might have died in repressing it. The plea carries no weight. What these men feared was not bloodshed : they were afraid of justice.

It will be interesting to observe the attitude of other societies to this new Germany ; and chiefly to observe Italy's. Signor Mussolini has contrived to achieve complete personal ascendancy without any of these extreme expedients. For the most part, voices of dissent have been merely choked with castor-oil ; in others, there has been expulsion, like that so freely practised by the Nazis in their early period. One could suspect that the Duce's inner emotion will be one of resentment against a bungling and brutal imitator. But the Pope ? He is, apart from his papal position, a highly civilized European ; as Pope he is head of a world-wide Christian community which numbers Herr Hitler among its adherents. The Vatican is in touch with Berlin, in constant negotiation with Herr Hitler's representatives. It surely must have been matter of grave thought for the Pope, whether in such a case he could maintain a public silence for the sake of safeguarding his power to use influence on behalf of Catholics in this menacing country. However, it is probably a Protestant idea that the Pope should assume at his own discretion the office of moral censor, and become a voice in Europe. England once had that kind of Pope ; but there has been no successor to the chair of Saint William Ewart Gladstone.

**The Pope
and Hitler**

It is really necessary, however, for civilized people to bear in mind that civilization has a common conscience. Evidently this is not understood in Germany. A week after this outrage on every principle of which civilization holds itself justified, Herr Hess, one of the Hitler Ministry, comes forward at Königsberg with most ingratiating advances to France. He invited the French to distinguish between " the Germany of peace " and " the Germany of pacifism " ; and to remember that Adolf Hitler has always said that Germany asks only for an equality of rights in all directions. By implication, however, they are to forget so many other things that the same Hitler

has addressed to his own people, including the repeated claim to bring into Germany whatever in Europe has German blood. But, above all, there is the assumption throughout that France and England should concern themselves not at all with inner German happenings.—This is too much to ask. Where rudimentary good faith and civilized observance of law between ruler and subjects are flagrantly disregarded, compacts of nation with rival nation are not likely to hold firm. It is against the interests of Europe that Germany should be accepted without demur into any friendly partnership so long as it is her choice to adopt standards of conduct that put her definitely on a lower level than normal in our civilisation.

Heaven knows, the bribe which Germany holds out to Europe is hard to resist, since for all Europe a good understanding between these two countries is the key to everything ; and there will certainly be many pious English pacifists to say that if France does not accept the proffer of this outstretched hand (without considering recent splashes on it) there is proof conclusive of France's ingrained " militarism ". I wish some of them would read the works of Dr. George Duhamel, who has done more than any writer to bring out the sense of what war is, and of what civilization is in its essence. A very notable woman wrote to me in 1915, from Serbia (where she was soon to die at her post) : " The only place to see war is in a hospital ". It is precisely that view of war, and of civilization conceived in relation to war, that Duhamel has given us in a whole series of volumes, inspired by his experiences as an army surgeon. They began with sketches of the individual patients, or groups not too big to smother individual character ; studies of these men in their weakness, in their heroic endurance, in their absurdities, in their goodness to one another, in all that made them human and lovable. They were individuals, knocked to pieces in a duty imposed on them ; men destroyed in a war between men ; individuals of the most ordinary kind, picked out pell-mell from the general mass of the nation ; but because they were what they were, the nation was what it was.

War
as it is

To this thinker, the individual does not exist to produce the nation : the nation is organized that the individual may have his fullest human development. War has to be avoided because of what you will do in war to the individual, in both sets of combatants. That is, I think, the view entertained vaguely by most Englishmen ; but I do not think one will find so well set out anywhere in English the rights of the individual body and soul against those abstract organizations which claim the right to throw them into a mill. Now, **Sparta or Athens ?** Nazi Germany stands for the opposite view in its extremest form. Nothing should count but the hive. It is the old contrast of Sparta and Athens, and if military efficiency is the supreme test, Sparta always has it and will have it ; though on occasion the Athenians did beat the Spartans, just as the Germans have by no means always won against the French. In British education Sparta has always been held up as the worthier example, though in practice this meant no more than that every British boy was expected to play football—and to play the game. But a nation living cheek by jowl with the modern Sparta could not afford to leave war, as it was left in England, to a limited number of professionals ; and war means to M. Duhamel, as it does to every continental citizen, an affliction that may fall on every easy-living greengrocer or ploughboy. In that affliction, the individual loses all his personal life ; he is to that extent dehumanized, less of a civilized man ; his individual life only asserts itself fully when he is brought into hospital, and other men have to try to save it that he may be used again.

There in hospital, the individual asserts to the full his individual power of suffering ; there is nothing automatic about his ultimate reactions to torture. Yet in one of his latest and most remarkable books **Too Perfect Technique** M. Duhamel tells us that as the war developed, and as technique was perfected, the ministrations offered to wounded men by other men became more and more automatic. Surgeons operated faster, operated better ; the work was divided so that one man had only one part in the process ; and yet, looking back on it, recognizing all this, Dr. Duhamel holds that as the standard of material efficiency rose, there was loss elsewhere ; the doctor

had cases, he had no patients ; there was no chance for establishing that human sympathy (so admirably suggested in his sketches of the period when organization was less complete) in which, to his mind, lay the essential part of cure. The patient as a patient is entitled to be dealt with by a man, not by a machine.

And to Dr. Duhamel the gravest danger for individual rights comes not from war but through peace ; through America and through Germany. His book on the United States (*Scenes of a Future Life*) is a singular arraignment of what the world is offered now by way of civilization. " The individual withers ", but very definitely " the man is " less and less—not according to Tennyson's prophecy. Instead of the theatre, appealing in one language to a limited public, you have the film for everybody's comprehension, most admirably simplified down to rudimentary minds in the home of its origin ; instead of fifty different kinds of pear, each with its own exquisite charm, you have one that is most proper for mass production and transport to all corners of the world ; instead of houses appropriated to one family, you have pigeon-holes in a vast dovecote, cells in a hive ; instead of privacy, you have a mob pervaded by loud-speakers : and this is Progress.

Well, Dr. Duhamel exaggerates—especially when he is face to face with the extreme expression of organized Publicity in Chicago. His own countrymen have managed to put even on the cinema the strong individual stamp ; M. René Clair's *A Nous la Liberté* seems

**Regimentation
of the Mind**

to be just as characteristic an expression of one French mind as any of Dr. Duhamel's own writings—and one could not put it higher. What is more, that mind is interpreted to us by actors each completely and admirably expressing a whole human being. The individual is not dead yet. But it is true that Europe has to choose at present between two ideals, in one of which the individual is the object of society ; civilization is organized to favour the free development of varying excellences. In the other, strict regimentation is the objective ; symbolized by a shirt—though it is the privilege only of the completely standardized to wear this badge of conformity. But the essential is regimentation of the mind, ensured by sanctions against indiscipline,

which in the more perfected states of this kind operate leniently by the administration of castor oil. One comes back always to the Spartan type, which suffered from a degree of intellectual sterility. "Fear naturally represses invention; for in a nation of slaves, as in the despotic governments of the East, to labour after fame is to be a candidate for danger." So Goldsmith wrote nearly two hundred years ago. Nowadays he would realize that a great amount of mechanical invention is encouraged in the States which discourage freedom; but he would also see that without going so far as Asia he could find countries where the noblest roads to fame are also the most dangerous.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A GREAT JOURNALIST

by H. M. TOMLINSON.

C. P. SCOTT OF THE "MANCHESTER GUARDIAN." by J. L. Hammond. *Bell.* 12s. 6d.

THIS story of the life of a famous journalist and his doings prompts enough questions to fill a shelf with books, if they were followed up with liveliness. Inevitably Dr. Hammond's biography of "C. P." is a social and political history of the years through which Europe drifted to where we see it. We may note the engendering of events, and ruefully observe that we ought not to have been surprised because they were ugly; so were their causes. C. P. Scott's letters and private papers, relating his converse with Their Eminences, the chief actors in the tragic drama in which only wrong cues were heard, throw queer reflections on the statesmen we are in the habit of calling "great" because we haven't found the right word for them yet. Great? The impression of them is that of children confidently experimenting with the controls in a power-station. No wonder the lights went out!

A short review is inadequate where, for one interesting theme, there is whatever may be implicit in a tribute once paid to Northcliffe: "He found journalism a profession and turned it into a branch of commerce." Of little import? Well, it was not C. P. Scott who, after the war, enlisted the hallucinations of the fevered multitude, its fears and hates, to the work of rescuing Europe to sanity and peace with the

programme of hanging the Kaiser and making Germany pay. Nor did Mr. Lloyd George and most Liberals mock that nightmare; they accepted it as a vision of Zion. The soldiers concluded the war one November, and the politicians, in the very next month, dropped peace down the drain. To what extent, after the 1918 election, was our country indebted to Northcliffe for the power given our Premier to aid in shaping a treaty that is heading us straight to a greater war?

Now as to Northcliffe, even at a time when the scene of continuous battle was enough to make an onlooker think our planet was decaying, out of his wisdom he remarked to this reviewer that war has a definite benefit: "It reduces the surplus population." That was the jejune mind he had, when not considering journalism as a profitable branch of commerce. But his influence, in a great crisis, was effective; its consequences are with us; but he is forgotten.

It isn't as if C. P. Scott were dead—that cannot be while Manchester lasts. On the other hand, the cause served by the newspaper he created, the social code he upheld, is rather like a white rag fluttering in the last ditch, even though some devoted souls, as devoted as Scott himself, are determined to die rather than surrender. The white flag is not for them. "C. P." will be remembered as a noble character who

built a local newspaper into a national institution which has respect and admiration from envious strangers not always accorded to our Foreign Office. Yet the cause for which he strove looks as cheerful to-day as a citadel ranged by conquering barbarians. They were let in, the gates were opened for them by the very statesmen "C. P." supported (as well as their lack of principles would allow a high-minded publicist) throughout his career. His name is honoured and his newspaper flourishes, continuing happily as he would have had it. But the civilized society for which that paper spoke the word is now wondering whether its period is closing. Liberalism to Scott was righteousness; to some others its tenets were as the cards which gamblers shuffle.

The diplomatic intrigues for accession of power which brought the war about, the conduct of the war, the loss of the peace, Black and Tannery—it will hardly bear looking at, though Dr. Hammond compels our attention, urbane, tolerant, making his demonstration of facts and consequences with the ease of a master. His book makes swift reading, yet with undertones. There is, in his chapters relating to public affairs from 1905, a suggestion of evil inherency, such as gives to ancient drama the sense of doom through lightly challenging the gods. It is easy enough to see, from this impartial narrative, that if Mr. Lloyd George had attended to Scott, though only at the end of the war, instead of to other counsellors, the affairs of Europe might have a different aspect to-day. "But Power, like a desolating pestilence, pollutes whate'er it touches."

If "C. P." had had a stronger sense of the comic, he might have more easily resisted the fascination of the Welsh Wizard. One cannot blame him. Fascination there was, and woe to those who resisted it. I myself know that it was not the turn to the Left of

another great editor which led to Massingham's downfall; it was his immunity from sorcery. Journalism used to be a dangerous occupation, and was all the better for it. Now it is a branch of commerce, safe for whoever will keep that in mind. "Prove to me," said Northcliffe once, "that two-thirds of England is pro-Boer and I'll make the *Daily Mail* a pro-Boer newspaper to-morrow."

Not by such frivolity did Scott build his newspaper. Still, he found plenty of fun in it; and made still more, not always discerned by himself, for his admiring staff. This biography twinkles with it. Dr. Hammond himself smiles over the handsome and whiskered figure of chivalry, seriously choosing a windmill for the Long Leader for next day's *Manchester Guardian*; and, more than that, he makes this biography of a famous editor indispensable to a student who is really concerned to find the causes of our present discontents.

There is a chapter in the book by Mr. W. P. Crozier, the present editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. It is a character study of his old chief. One is not seldom surprised by a little pale sneer from a modern critic when he refers to the Manchester school of writers. Such a critic has a special dislike of C. E. Montague. That is not surprising. We never particularly care for the fellow who could swallow us; and we are never mollified by the fact that evidently he fails to notice that we are about. On the *Manchester Guardian*—I was never on it—you had to serve both Scott and Athene, and such servants are not found by advertisement at the usual rates. Mr. Crozier's piece about Scott has the gaiety which convinces us of its truth; and it also shows—what its writer never intended—the reason why he is in Scott's chair. Let biographers write as well as this and we will always read them.

THE BALKANS THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

by SIR HARRY LUKE.

THE NATIVE'S RETURN, by Louis Adamic. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

THE author of this book was born in 1899, of Slovene peasant stock and one of a large family, in a village of what was then the Austrian province of Krain or Carniola and is now a part of the Yugoslav Banovina of the Drave. At the age of fourteen he emigrated to the United States, became an American—he thinks perhaps “more American” than were most of the native citizens of any acquaintance—was for three years a soldier in the United States army, married an American wife, and became “an American writer, writing on American subjects for American readers”. Then, in 1932, he obtained a Guggenheim Fellowship requiring him to go to Europe for a year and, at his wife's suggestion rather than at his own wish, began his European journey with a visit to his old home, with which his contact, since he left it nineteen years previously, had been limited to about two postcards a year. It was consistent with this somewhat atrophied family feeling that in the plan of his journey he should have allotted to this visit the space of one afternoon; but in the event he remained in Yugoslavia for ten months, and the result is *The Native's Return*.

It was thus a man with a dual personality who revisited the land of his birth: intellectually and politically an American, but an American in whom the Slovene peasant's love of the simple things of life and nature had survived sufficiently to be rekindled by contact with its source. And this dualism is perhaps the outstanding, as it is the

most interesting, characteristic of the book. It is an arresting and unusual psychological and intellectual experience that we witness here: that of the keen-witted, interested man of a certain type of Western outlook returning to his Eastern home and still sufficiently its “native” to appreciate its gentler virtues. Here he is the Slovene who can enter sympathetically and with a revived understanding into the hopes and fears, that is, into the lives of those who were his fellow-peasants in Central Europe before he became a modern American. The part of the book in which he does so is sheer delight. “Home again in Carniola” consists of a collection of almost idyllic little pictures—does not the very word idyl mean “a little picture”?—in which we see his relatives and their friends depicted in plain, unaffected language of a dramatic simplicity well suited to its subject. Nothing of its kind could be better than “My Cousin Toné Marries” or “Death Waits for my Uncle Yanez”; even though in the latter chapter, in which he delays almost too long paying an ardently desired visit to his dying uncle and godfather because he regards death “with fear and hate and false bravado”, we note, as in the first chapter, symptoms of a rather unattractive lack of *pietas*, which, be it added, the author makes no attempt to conceal.

The second part of the book is travel—the Dalmatian Coast, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Old Serbia—with the occasional but increasingly insistent incursion of politics. The travel part is well done, although it could be done

equally well by a skilled and observant writer without the author's special racial affinities with the country. Here the writing is more uneven, but there are some good things, among which I would cite the vigorous appreciation of the role of the Republic of Ragusa in history. His appreciation of the Montenegro that ceased to exist after the War is less good in that it reflects more of the author's somewhat peculiar political outlook. It is tersely worded but its judgments are inclined to be naïve; nor is Mr. Adamic always right in his facts. For example, old King Nicholas was not, as is stated here, the first lay ruler of his country, but the second.

In the third part of the book, which deals with Croatia and with Belgrade, the political centre of gravity of the kingdom, the book becomes predominantly political, to the disadvantage of the author, who here does himself less than justice. His racial background fitted him well for the earlier parts of the volume, but his intellectual background serves him ill in this one. Does he not tell us himself that during his American life "events and things outside of America interested me but incidentally; only in so far as they were related to, or as they affected, the United States"? How then could he hope to form a discerning and objective judgment of this highly complex post-war Europe of ours? His hatred of tyranny and injustice is honest and sincere and does him credit, but his unfamiliarity with European history and political development leads him into crude summarizing and confused thinking. Thus, in his denunciation of the present dictatorship in Yugoslavia he appears to premise that parliamentary institutions are the only form of Government suited to a Balkan State, yet in his "Conclusion" he declares that "the salvation of the Yugoslav people and

other small backward nations in that part of the world lies, clearly and inescapably, in the direction of Russia. They will have to overthrow their present racketeer rulers, form a Balkan or East European federation of collectivist national republics and, in some mutually satisfactory way, attach themselves to the U.S.S.R."

His immature political outlook also leads him into exhibitions of bad manners. Most of the author's readers will agree, whatever their views on Yugoslav politics, that in his interview with King Alexander, at which he stayed beyond his due time because "he felt a satisfaction in keeping him from his work"—the king had told him that he was very busy with a debate on the budget—it was the king who made the better showing. His condemnation of the Yugoslav regime does not wholly convince us, for the reason that it is an indictment, not a judgment, making no attempt to give the other side. And his hatred of "European Imperialism", which would appear to embrace every country in Europe except Soviet Russia, would evoke more sympathy if it came from the head as well as from the heart. The author is so firmly convinced of the moral superiority of America and the U.S.S.R. that he sees the destinies of humanity in their hands. "I love America", he says: "I think that, with Russia, she will be the most important factor in the future of the world and mankind. . . . America will have to go Left". Elsewhere he declares: "The Belgrade Government is part of the post-War political gangsterism in Europe". The words "gangsterism" and "racketeer" recur in many places in this book to describe political conditions in Western no less than Eastern Europe. I wonder if Mr. Adamic is conscious of the origin of his favourite terms of political invective.

LORD LLOYD'S APOLOGIA

by KENNETH WILLIAMS.

EGYPT SINCE CROMER, Vol. II,
by Lord Lloyd. *Macmillan*. 21s.

LORD LLOYD'S first volume took the story of Egypt since Cromer down to 1919 and the appointment of General Allenby as High Commissioner. This sober yet virile second volume carries the tale down to the author's resignation from the High Commissionership of Egypt in 1929. The broad outlines of that resignation, which was effected during the regime of Mr. Arthur Henderson as Foreign Secretary, and which created considerable stir, are not yet dim in the public memory. The point of view of the Labour Government in the matter was given wide prominence; Lord Lloyd's point of view was but imperfectly interpreted. This volume, however, supplies the deficiency. It is Lord Lloyd's apologia, and while some may disdain, and others prefer, a heavy personal interest in the narrating of history, it is certain that to all students of Egypt, and, indeed, to all students of British Imperial affairs, the book is indispensable.

It opens with the visit of the Milner Mission to Egypt. The report of that Mission, issued in 1921, was such as wildly to encourage the demands of the extremists in Egypt who were demanding the complete evacuation of the British. It led on to the famous 1922 Declaration of Independence, which gave Egypt independence, subject, however, to the four vital "Reserved Points". Naturally, and as anyone versed in Oriental affairs could have told the British

Government, the Egyptians accepted the independence and ignored the conditions on which it had been granted. It was, I believe, always the view of Lord Milner himself—though the point is not emphasized in this book—that the "Revised Points" should be settled before, and not after, Egyptian independence had been conferred. But the Government of the day ignored his advice. The policy of "self-determination" was in the ascendant. What was right for one country was right for another, and so were imposed upon Egypt the "blessings" of constitutional government and the right to direct her own affairs.

The immediate aftermath of this concession was unhappy indeed. Murder after murder of Britons was accomplished by Egyptian Nationalists, culminating in the assassination in 1924 of Sir Lee Stack, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army and Governor-General of the Sudan. So far from fostering the growth of a strong Moderate opinion, grateful to Great Britain and desirous of strengthening the Anglo-Egyptian bond—a consummation which the officials in Whitehall had apparently predicated as the certain result of a "generous" policy towards Egypt—the country had manifested not a glimmering of a sense of real responsibility or any resolve to govern the land on aught but self-seeking lines.

When Lord Lloyd succeeded Lord Allenby in 1925 as High Commissioner, the internal situation presented, in effect,

a dilemma. The country had either to be "ruled" by a democratic gang—for the dominant Wafd under Zaghlul Pasha were little more than that—or by an equally obnoxious Palace party. From that dilemma, however, Lord Lloyd, whose cardinal principles were the welfare of the masses (a trust which he identifies with good administration) and a vigilant regard for the "Reserved Points", escaped by asserting the influence of the Residency. No one who knows Egypt can deny that he thoroughly cleared up the position—except in a political sense. Yet, that omission, deliberately made by Lord Lloyd, was to prove his undoing.

The Conservative Administration which had succeeded the Labour Government of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was lured by the prospect of definitively regulating the Anglo-Egyptian situation by means of a Treaty, and it soon became obvious that Sir Austen Chamberlain, who was Foreign Secretary, had, under the manifest inspiration of the permanent officials of the Foreign Office, different views from the High Commissioner on the manner of negotiating with Egyptian politicians. Lord Lloyd's view was, in effect, though, of course, never declared, that no Egyptian could be trusted constantly to play fair by Great Britain; Sir Austen, on the other hand, greatly charmed by the person-

ality of Sarwat Pasha, appeared to think that any "reasonable" Egyptian would infallibly be supported by his own people. So deep was this gulf between the two men that the High Commissioner, when the Sarwat Treaty was being negotiated, was not even consulted; an amazing fact of which no Conservative can now feel very proud.

Lord Lloyd, who strove unceasingly to prevent the Government's weakening in the matter of maintaining the *status quo* of the 1922 Declaration until such time as it should be changed by a Treaty, was, patently, out of harmony with a Conservative Administration which, contrary to Conservative traditions, imagined that it knew better than the "man on the spot", and still more so with the subsequent Labour Administration, which added to the "liberal" tendencies of Whitehall the generosity and omniscience of the doctrinaire. Lord Lloyd has no difficulty in showing that he was shamefully misrepresented by Mr. Arthur Henderson, but one cannot resist the feeling that his position had been hopelessly undermined during Sir Austen Chamberlain's tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship.

The author's general philosophy upon administration and the duties of Governments may be open to argument, but for his particular Egyptian case his book will gain many sympathizers.

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THE WOMEN OF MY TIME, by Janet Courtney. *Lovat Dickson*. 12s. 6d.

"I HAVE", says Mrs. W. L. Courtney in the preface to her book about contemporary English women, "limited myself to the women with whom I have been brought into some sort of personal contact at first—or second—hand". This sentence is far less candid than it sounds and covers a far more wilfully including and excluding method in the pages to follow than it leads us to expect. For Mrs. Courtney is the least egotistic, most generously admiring of friends, and though she lacks neither humour nor discernment and can hit a fault off very neatly, sometimes by quoting a third person's estimate of the women described, she has had to cut down at least half her gallery into the swiftest of snapshots in order to make room for other, not always equally important, full-length portraits. It is difficult in many cases to be sure which of the women she presents has been a first or a second-hand contact in a life which is full of such contacts, and this is a matter for regret because, when Mrs. Courtney does let us know that she has known her subject at first hand, she always convinces us that she has known her well.

The first of these portraits dates from 1884 when, as an observant but inexperienced girl of eighteen, she was taken to Cheltenham to see Miss Beale in all her majesty reaping the harvest of twenty years' work for the Higher Education of Women. With Miss Beale, and on the third page of the book, Mrs. Courtney's gift for critical portraiture lets itself go at once:

"Miss Beale had great qualities, but she had also their defects. She ruled an unquestioned autocrat, and her standards of scholarship had never been sufficiently tested. Deficient herself in the foundations, she flew higher than she could reach. Neither her ethics nor her metaphysics would have stood the stern test of logical examination. She got

the first from Browning and the second from a mixture of St. John and Plato misread in translation. When girls were told that *εἰρήνη* (peace) meant unity, because it was derived from *εἰς ἓν* (into one), they probably were none the worse for not knowing that this was etymologically impossible."

From Miss Beale and the Cheltenham Ladies' College a great part of this book takes its rise, for a large proportion of the women who have made their mark in English public life since 1890 were educated there, or at St. Leonards, the school which grew out of it and, like so many daughters, set itself against the tradition of the parent house.

From Miss Beale it is a natural transition to Miss Wordsworth of Lady Margaret Hall, since Mrs. Courtney's education continued at Oxford and was completed, as only teaching can complete education, when she left College to teach under Miss Beale. Roedean and the Lawrence sisters come into the category of things and people known only by second-hand by the writer, as does Wycombe Abbey.

Novelists follow schoolmistresses with Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who appears to be one of the second-hand, though not the least deeply admired of Mrs. Courtney's contacts, and Lucas Malet, whom she certainly met in the flesh at least once. On this unique occasion the novelist astonished her young visitor by the make-up, then so unusual on any conventional woman's countenance. The name of Mary Cholmondeley would, one might suppose, have followed those of these two other late Victorians, but there is no mention of her work in Mrs. Courtney's survey of the field; and Miss May Sinclair, representing the Edwardian period, is given the consideration due to her distinguished talent, though without any mention of two of her greatest achievements, *The Combined Maze* and *The Tree of Heaven*.

When we come to scholars and travellers, the same arbitrary but not un-

justifiable selection confronts us. Rosita Forbes, though not Lady Dorothy Mills, is allowed to accompany Mary Kingsley, Gertrude Bell and Mrs. John Richard Green in a chapter which also pays graceful tribute to Jane Harrison and Mrs. Arthur Strong.

"The New Philanthropy" introduces us to Octavia Hill and to Emma Cons, with a single line of reference to her great successor and niece, Lilian Baylis, of whom Mrs. Courtney could if she would have made a truly Shakespearean portrait. We are given an affectionate and vivid account of the married life and work of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb, and an almost pre-Raphaelite sketch of young Mrs. Park Pattison in a brocade dress and a belt of Russian silver playing croquet in the garden of Lincoln College.

The Duchess of Atholl, Lady Astor, Susan Lawrence and Mary McArthur head the chapter on women in Parliament; Lady Rhondda and Dr. Maude Royden are most sympathetically drawn for the Gallery of Public Service, and an admirably critical appreciation of Edith Sitwell's poetry closes the book.

It will be a disappointment to those who used to meet Mrs. Courtney occasionally in the small drawing-room of a lady, now dead, where all the brightest stars of the theatrical sky congregated to find no reference to these amusing gatherings in her pages. Mrs. Courtney excuses herself for omitting women painters, musicians and actresses from her already crowded book, and may be forgiven on her own plea; but, seeing how gifted a portraitist she is, we may hope that before long she will open another gallery and include both Dame Ethel Smythe and Lady Oxford, possibly the two most remarkable English women of their time, and add her own personal impressions of Dame Sybil Thorndike, Dame Madge Kendall, Dame May Whitty and Miss Lilian Braithwaite.

NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH

THE CHARM OF IRELAND, by Stephen Gwynn. *Harrap. 7s. 6d.*

MR. STEPHEN GWYNN has written an informative postscript to his book on Ireland, published in Harrap's Kitbag series seven years ago. Reproductions of the work of some of Ireland's most distinguished artists add a pleasant note to this new edition. Mr. Gwynn gives welcome news of the considerable improvement in the standard of cleanliness and comfort of a very large number of Irish hotels due, he claims, to the holding of the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin two years ago. Thousands of visitors poured into Ireland for the Congress, and nearly every village whitewashed its houses for the occasion. Mr. Gwynn comments also on the increase in "guest-houses", the improved bus services all over the country, and the excellency of the roads. He recommends a visit to the site of the "Shannon scheme", and has some interesting things to say about the effect of the scheme on fishermen and on the fish. Not only have salmon been affected by the damming of the river, but thousands of young eels which come every year to the Shannon from the Sargasso Sea were unable to get up the new salmon pass until the authorities placed long twisted strands of hay-rope down the water-fall, thus enabling the little eels to wriggle up.

There is some valuable extra advice to anglers in this postscript on sea, lake and river fishing, and how much it is likely to cost; and there are a few passages arising out of the description of the new War Memorial, which is being erected in Dublin, of a semi-explanatory, semi-apologetic nature which should conciliate and soothe the susceptibilities of the politically passionate. Mr. Gwynn is a master of tact, and his guide book to Ireland is as pleasant an introduction as one could wish.

E. M. P.

THE BOOK OF CRICKET, by P. F. Warner. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

THERE is, as everyone would suppose, a good deal in Mr. Warner's book that will interest any keen cricketer; and Mr. Warner deserves high marks for sometimes taking a plunge. He says, for instance, that Constantine "is the finest fieldsman the world has ever seen": a pronouncement which is even more impressive when we learn that "Hammond and Hendren . . . are emphatic that Constantine stands alone." Again, he is brave enough to say of Verity that "he may yet emulate Rhodes and go in first for England in a Test Match".

It is also interesting to hear, from so high an authority, that Ranjitsinhji, "like Bradman", seldom played a genuine forward stroke because he found that "balls to which he could not play back, he could, with his quickness of

foot, get to and drive". Again, I have often felt, as many others must have felt, that it is almost as important to know how quickly a bowler takes his wickets as the number of wickets which he has taken. Indeed, I would strongly recommend the editors of our newspapers to let us know not only how many runs each wicket has cost a bowler, but also how many overs he had to bowl in order to take a wicket. Mr. Warner makes a beginning in this kind of statistic by telling us that in 1906 Mr. N. A. Knox took "a wicket in every five overs". On the other hand, Mr. Warner is often disappointing. How unsatisfactory, for instance, it is to read, in respect of Bradman's capacity for "evolving a new idea in dealing with a type of attack to which he was unaccustomed", that "a good example of his genius was to be found in his playing of Ironmonger in the

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inter-state matches. Ironmonger, a most accurate left-hander, invariably keeps men entirely on the defensive, but Bradman smites him hip and thigh". What we are all expecting to hear is how Bradman contrives to do so; but of this we learn nothing, and the passage, therefore, is of no interest at all.

Indeed, although the first part of the book, which deals with "Batting, Bowling, Wicket-Keeping, Fielding" and "Some Thoughts on Captaincy", should be of value to any schoolboy who can afford seven-and-sixpence, the book, on the whole, is ineffective. There have been, within the last few years, two or three writers on cricket who have set up a very high standard in cricket-literature; and I must admit, in honesty, that Mr. Warner has not the knack of bringing bygone cricketers again to life or of conveying a sense of the game's curious charm. I am afraid, also, that he has not acquired the exceedingly difficult art of using the first person singular in the most engaging manner.

Nothing in his book is more interesting than his outspoken condemnation of "body-line bowling". Mr. Jardine has denied that Larwood ever bowled at a batsman's body. Mr. Warner seems not to be so sure. The truth is, apparently, that all the trouble about this type of bowling might have been avoided if Mr. Jardine had possessed, on a crucial occasion, more sensibility and a little elementary tact. CLIFFORD BAX.

BESIDE THE SEASIDE, edited by Yvonne Cloud. *Stanley Nott*. 7s. 6d.

HERE is what might be called the *de luxe* guidebook to the Big Six of seaside towns: Southend, Brighton, Bournemouth, Blackpool, Scarborough, and Margate. Each essay is written by a well-known author whose interest in the human herd, judging from such of their respective books as I have read,

is analytical rather than humanitarian. Yet, called upon to sing each his own variation of the theme "I do love to be beside the seaside", it is not surprising that there is a certain similarity of interpretation. Only Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge dares to strike a discordant note of criticism at the Edwardian refinement of Bournemouth and to suggest that an advertisement should be put in the *Daily Worker* inviting the proletariat to come and "study the pure bourgeois type in a pure bourgeois environment". What would Mr. Muggeridge have made of Southend, I wonder? But it is left to Miss Kate O'Brien to conduct us, in a spirit of surprising detachment, on a leisurely tour down the mile-long pier and along the swarming front, with its decorations of whelk barrows and ice-cream vendors.

Apart from Mr. James Laver, who cares not a rap for art or ancestry in the make-up of his charmer, Blackpool, one is left with the feeling that most of the authors of this book are slightly ashamed of their protégés. There is a D'Urberville-like insistence on length of pedigree and blueness of blood to excuse a present over-liveliness of conduct. Margate, Miss Yvonne Cloud tells us, has known the rough caresses of Hengist and Horsa, and been patted on the head by the Venerable Bede. Brighton—well, we all know what a raffish royalty thought of her—but the dignity of her ancestral name of Bighthelmstone excuses much. Only Mr. V. S. Pritchett has had the courage to blow the gaff about this seaside business. Any seaside resort, he avers, is a courtesan among towns, whose virgin beauty is her undoing. For him Scarborough is Roxana, the Fortunate Mistress, whose beauty is her triumph and her downfall. Whether this opinion is shared by the Town Council Scarborough is, perhaps, beside the point. M. M.

AFTER SHELLEY: THE LETTERS OF T. J. HOGG TO JANE WILLIAMS, Ed. by Sylva Norman. *Oxford Press.* 7s. 6d.

SHELLEY, by Ruth Bailey. *Duckworth.* *Great Lives Series.* 2s.

MISS SYLVA NORMAN has written a long introduction to this small collection of letters written by Hogg to the lovely "Miranda" between 1822 and 1851. It is a witty, learned, and just piece of work, preparing the prejudiced reader to accept a new side of the man so vilified by history. It is now more possible than ever before to look upon Hogg as a person of great sensitiveness, and even as one possessing a fundamental timidity. This may account for the fact that he made no mark in the profession of the law. It certainly suggests that his rugged surface, his bluntness and roughness, were an armour of self-protection against a world that affected him too poignantly.

These few letters, written as suitor

and as husband of the serene, sufficient-for-the-day Jane Williams, show a liberal-hearted and courteous man with an inclination to be ingratiating, and also with a strong desire to help and cherish both Jane and her two children. They show him also making a brave effort to keep up his studies while working his way through the monotonous years of middle life with their increasing burden of responsibilities.

It is true that he did some unpardonable things when he wrote the "official" life of Shelley. He altered Shelley's letters in order to show himself in a less foolish light. But this action, as well as the tone he frequently adopted in writing his book, may be interpreted as the effort of a nervous man to propitiate the good opinion of people towards whom he felt strongly. That he succeeded in annoying them is proof that he was also something of a fool, blinded by his own anxious preoccupation with his self-esteem.

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These qualities in his character are patent from the beginning, if we care to reconsider the events of his relationship with Shelley. Miss Bailey, in her concise essay which *almost* reveals the greatness of the poet, remarks how, after Hogg's attempted seduction of Harriett, Shelley "went at once to find Hogg, and they walked out into the fields beyond York. Hogg was now 'pale, terror-struck, remorseful'; Shelley told him that he forgave him and would still be a friend to him; Hogg protested his remorse and begged for Harriett's forgiveness."

Then she says later that "early in November they left York without telling Hogg, who came home one evening from his work to find the lodgings empty. They had left an address at Keswick. Hogg sat down at once and wrote to Bysshe, threatening to follow them and blow out his brains at Harriett's feet."

It is obvious that Hogg's "crime" for which he has been so violently castigated was not the action of a tough blackguard, but rather the impulse of an emotional boy, who afterwards was aghast at his own conduct. It has also to be remembered in his favour that he was aware that Shelley was not in love with Harriett. Then again he had, with Shelley's help, thrown away the supports of religion and convention with which adolescence so often bolsters up its reluctance to launch out upon the sea of life and action.

To say that Miss Bailey *almost* reveals the greatness of Shelley is not a condemnation of her book. It is an indication that she has caught the modern convention of writing biography with a humorous detachment. The method has its merits; but they do not include the one essential thing: a conviction that the subject is sufficiently important for it to be written about; and this creates, therefore, a sense of contradiction which disturbs the reader.

RICHARD CHURCH.

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THE AGE OF REASON, by R. B. Mowat. *Harvap.* 6s.

By a well-known professor of history, this book, with its 336 pages, its eight full-page illustrations, and its satisfactory index, is excellent value as to those physical features and even better as to its historical qualities. The work begins and closes with a short and valuable essay on the general characteristics and achievement of the century in Europe. (England is by no means ignored in this book, which is a companion volume to the same writer's *England in the Eighteenth Century*, but it is Europe, the Europe of cultured civilization, which provides the theme.) There are essays on cosmopolitanism, with especial reference to Goethe and Voltaire; on peace and war; on crime

and the opera; on salons and scoundrels; (three) on enlightened monarchs; on Italy; on schools, universities, and academies; on the Christian life and the return to Nature; and on the closing years of the French monarchy. The work, therefore, is not a formal history; the diverse subjects, however, are given clear and adequate background.

Although Professor Mowat, judged strictly, is not a great nor a delightful stylist, he yet can write with clarity, concision, and charm. While he does not aim to be epigrammatic, he sometimes achieves an almost epigrammatic effect by his grasp of essentials, as in "Reform is always possible, revolution is never inevitable". The tone of this invigorating work may be gauged by his conclusion: "Voltaire, Goethe, Franklin, Kant, Pitt, had no doubt of the existence and of the need for a citizenry of Europe, the freedom of which was possessed by all people who followed Western civilization. This is the political faith, embracing and transcending all competing schools of opinion, held by men of goodwill."

In addition to the well-digested, well-ordered mass of information (not of the trivial or statistical kind), there is a genial humanity, a quiet sense of humour, an eye for character, a gift of narrative, and the rarer gift of determining the spiritual importance of physical facts and historical events.

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT, by L. F. Céline. *Chatto & Windus*. 8s. 6d.

THE TALES OF JACOB, by Thomas Mann. *Secker*. 7s. 6d.

MEET THE FOUL FIEND, by John Collier. *Macmillan*. 7s. 6d.

GOING ABROAD, by Rose Macaulay. *Collins*. 7s. 6d.

CÉLINE'S *Voyage au bout de la nuit*, which caused a stir when it was published in Paris last year, has now been

translated by Mr. John Marks under the title *Journey to the End of the Night*, so that those who do not feel equal to attempting the original can gain a very fair idea of it at secondhand. Céline is not a stylist, but his novel should be read in French for its full effect. Mr. Marks has made no attempt to find a parallel for the clipped slang of the original. The turn of expression, particularly in the opening pages, is so much part of the central character, who tells his own story, that a good deal has been lost here. Nevertheless, in its present form the novel is still impressive; and it is one which the critic cannot ignore.

Novels written since the War can be divided into two classes; those that take the War into account, and those that do not. The number of novels which have really succeeded in conveying the emotional changes brought about by the

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War are exceedingly few. In many, of course, the War is a background, an interlude, an ordeal from which the survivors come back to resume their lives at the point where they left off in 1914; the tragedy of the returned soldier, who finds himself "out of it" in a jobless world, has been sensitively and even passionately described. But in all these cases the author has thrust himself back into a pre-war world of feeling and experience—a convention in which he feels safe—so that the very terms of his description are false. It's no good writing a pre-war novel about a post-war world, but how few of our novelists seem to have realized this!

"Before the War we knew nothing", says Bardamu, the hero of *Journey to the End of the Night*. The book begins with a conversation in a café; gesticulation and rattling generalization accompany the chink of glasses; then everyone gets up to watch a band, led by a colonel, marching up the street; and Bardamu, without thinking why, leaves his companions and marches in the wake of the band. The gates of the barracks close on him. He knows he is trapped. And from that moment his experience of life—the peculiar consciousness of which he had known almost nothing before—begins to crystallize.

We see him in the War, and afterwards in America, the tropics, and a Paris slum. As he relates his adventures in jaunty and cynical phrase, we are aware of this commonplace individual with a terrifying actuality. The swindle of the War—the filthy reality behind a flourish of flags—is repeated for him everywhere; and behind the sham beauty of landscapes and cities, of words like "happiness" and "duty", he finds the same oppression, brutality and ugliness. "Life's a bad joke", he says; and yet he is very much alive, determined to survive, aggressively patient. Not a pretty picture!

English reviewers, I notice, are inclined to dismiss the book as exaggerated and to protest that Céline gives us a one-sided picture of life. The same reviewers, however, do not protest when a novelist like Mr. Priestley writes a *Good Companions*—which is even more one-sided of its sort. And who would want to read the amiabilities of Mr. Priestley, if not to escape the less pleasant realities of life? Americans in this matter are more realistic than we are, and I suspect that *Journey to the End of the Night* will be far more widely read in America than it is likely to be here.

Thomas Mann's *The Tales of Jacob* disappointed me so much that I shall not attempt to criticize it seriously. I have read all his other books with a profound admiration; he is probably the greatest novelist alive today; but I found this new volume—the first of a trilogy—completely unreadable. It is massive and slow moving, and saturated in Hebrew folk-lore and the "mysticism" of the author's approach. No doubt it has suffered in translation.

Mr. John Collier's *Defy the Foul Fiend* and Miss Macaulay's *Going Abroad* are lively entertainments. The first is a comedy of modern London, done in the eighteenth-century manner; rather too mannered but (as one of the characters might say) "devilish smooth". It is certainly not Mr. Collier at his best, but the book is continuously witty, fresh and surprising, and I enjoyed it with only faint regrets for Mr. Collier's better achievements. *Going Abroad* was rather too determinedly gay for my taste; the Bishop, the don, the leisured ladies enjoying gossip on a Southern coast, have already been fixed to perfection by Mr. Norman Douglas; and the introduction of a gang of Buchmanites, though topical, was hardly enough to rescue the novel from the shadow of its predecessor.

G. W. STONIER.